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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1880.

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CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ah, but the wind is bitterly cold,
The breath of the night is stinging;
This is December, and hark, as of old,
The Christmas-chimes go ringing!

There's a happy home, there's a loving wife,
And there's music of children's voices—
All things that give a charm to life,
And in which the soul rejoices;
And the man at peace with the world this night
Looks into the fire, ruddy and bright
(Ah, but the air outside is stinging!),
And thinks good-will to men is but right,
While the Christmas-chimes go ringing.

There's an attic bare, there's a woman lone,
Silently sewing and weeping;
On the shelf not a scrap of bread, not a bone,
And a child on the straw tick sleeping.
Painfully still the stitches she takes,
For her hands are numb, and her heart, how it aches!
(Ah, but the breath of the night is stinging!)
Of good-will her woe but a mockery makes,
While the Christmas chimes go ringing.

Well would it be if the ghosts of the Past
From the living To-day we could sever—
If, when we have buried them once, we could cast
Their shadows from us forever.
What is it the man, as he sits at his ease
In the ruddy light of the fire, sees?
It is not his children's voices ringing,
But there is a spectre to make his blood freeze
While the Christmas-chimes go ringing!

Yes, there in the fire's glowing heat,
Through Time's far-searching vista,
The face of a girl looks as sweet
As the day when first he kissed her.
Alas! for the Christmas eve that have fled
Since first he loved where he dared not wed!
Those are his children's voices singing—
But what of the child on the straw-filled bed?
And the Christmas-chimes go ringing!

Ah, but the wind is bitterly cold,
The breath of the night is stinging;
And still is the sad, sad story told—
Terribly new, terribly old—
While Christmas-chimes go ringing.

V. B.

ONE NIGHT'S CRIME; OR, A FATAL PASSION.

(LA FILLE MAUDITE.)

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE RICHEBOURG, FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

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PART THE SECOND.—OLD MARDOCHE.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

The mendicant started again, but, making a violent effort, he quickly controlled himself.

"Genevieve died the night of Renaud's arrest," continued the old woman. "I was at her deathbed."

"Ah! you were there, near her—you saw her die?"

"She breathed her last in my arms, beseeching me to see that care should be taken of the little thing she had just brought into the world."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the beggar, with stifled sobs—"a child was born?"

The old woman eyed him again with surprise.

"Really, my good man," she said, "you are too sensitive."

"Dear me, that is easily understood," he resumed. "Didn't I tell you that Jean Renaud was like a brother to me? Besides, what you tell me reminds me of my own sad associations. I have not always been as forlorn as now; I also had a wife and child, whom I loved and lost. So, you see, I have the right to weep."

He no longer attempted to hold back the tears which gushed now from his eyes.

"Poor man!" said the aged dame in an undertone.

"But I do not want to trouble you with my sorrows," he resumed presently. "Tell me about poor Genevieve's child. Is it alive? Is it a boy?"

"No, it's a girl."

"Ah, a girl! She is strong, large, and beautiful, isn't she?"

"Beautiful she is, indeed; as for being strong and large—not so very; but she is the loveliest creature the Almighty ever made."

"But she is undoubtedly very unhappy; she must be ill looked upon—the daughter of an assassin!"

"She ill looked upon! Oh, no! quite to the contrary, she is esteemed, respected, and loved by all who know her."

"I am so glad to hear that; there are always some good people in the world. But, in spite of what you say, my good dame, Genevieve's daughter cannot be happy."

"Why so?"

"Because, if she is so very beautiful, she must suffer a great deal in reflecting that she is an assassin's child."

"They didn't tell the child about that horrible affair," replied the old peasant-woman, shaking her head; "I am quite certain she doesn't even know her father's name."

"What! They didn't tell her who her father was?"

"Nor who her mother was; they have hidden everything from her."

"But why? why?"

"In order that she would not be, as you said a moment ago—unhappy."

"Yes, I understand."

"And she will never know anything, for no one would dare to say a word in her presence that might oost her a tear."

"And who has brought her up?"

"People much richer than you or me, my worthy man."

"Does she live in Civry?"

"No. A woman from here, who died a few years ago, nursed and weaned her. She was about two years old when they took her away."

"Where to?"

"It would be of no use to you to know, since you cannot go and see her."

"True, I did not reflect. I could not present myself to her as an old friend of her father, for she does not know that she is the daughter of Jean Renaud. You said that they took her away when she was two years old."

"Yes, and she was already a jewel of a child. I need not tell you whether they began at once to love and adore her. There are daughters of great lords that don't have so much done for them. There was never anything fine enough for her. Her childhood was surrounded by every kind attention, she was overwhelmed with caresses; so much so that, though her mother was missing, she did not notice it. Ah! the orphan was not weaned from kisses! She has grown up amid smiles, like a precious plant under the rays of the sun. To-day, the daughter of Genevieve and Jean Renaud is a young lady, who is as happy as her poor mother was to be pitied."

The old man listened eagerly, his hands outstretched, trembling, his eyes radiant, and his mouth open; one would have thought he was drinking in every word uttered by the aged dame.

Moreover," she continued, "she deserves all for she is as good as she is beautiful; she has the heart and face of an angel!"

"My God!" murmured the mendicant, "I did not think a man so unhappy as myself could feel so much joy!"

He rose, and, taking the old woman's hands, which he clasped in his own, said to her:

"My good dame, I have but one more thing to ask you. Tell me the name of Genevieve's daughter."

"Blanche!" he cried.

He drew himself up, and, pressing both hands against his heart, resumed in a voice full of tears:

"Ah, do not be astonished! The child I lost was a little girl, and her name was Blanche, too. I have had a good rest," he continued; "so now I'll set out again. Thanks, good dame, for your hospitality."

He picked up his hat, put it on, drawing it down over his eyes, and walked towards the door.

"Before going, my poor man," the old woman called after him, "tell me your name."

"Mardoche," he replied, turning half round.

The mendicant, whom the reader has already recognized, doubtless to his great astonishment, but whom we shall continue to call Mardoche, since it is the name he gives himself, left the old peasant-woman and soon reached the centre of the village, where, seeing a little tavern, and feeling hungry, he entered it, and asked for something to eat.

The landlord shot a sidelong glance at this odd customer, and appeared to hesitate.

"I see what's the matter," said Mardoche sadly; "you fear that I can't pay you."

Whereupon he took from his pocket several pieces of silver, and, making them ring in his hand, added:

"You see, landlord, I can pay for all I eat and drink here. It was the beautiful Damsel of Seuillon who gave me this money."

The landlord colored up in spite of himself, and hastened to serve the poor man.

When he had eaten heartily and drunk a few glasses of wine, Mardoche asked how much he owed.

"You owe me nothing," replied the tavern-keeper.

Mardoche looked at him with astonishment. And no wonder! A moment before this very man, who now refused to accept the money due him, had hesitated to wait on him. The change was, indeed, difficult to comprehend. But the tavern-keeper quickly explained.

"Keep your money," he said, "to buy yourself a better pair of shoes than the ones you have on, for it was for that, no doubt, that Mlle. Blanche gave it to you. In this country, look you, my good man, when an unfortunate person pronounces the name of the Damsel of Seuillon, no door is shut in his face, and he would be given a seat at the table of the rich as well as the poor. So keep your money; and when you pass through Civry again, don't be afraid to return here."

"Then you are very fond of the Damsel of Seuillon?"

"Like everybody else, and even more so; for, you see, my mother, who is still alive, thank God, is her godmother."

The old man tottered, and tears, which he seemed unable to hold back longer, trickled down his weather-beaten cheeks. So many successive emotions were too much for him; his heart was overflowing, and he could hardly keep his joy from exploding.

He left the tavern and crossed the village with long strides. He knew the country well. He struck into a footpath running through the fields, and bent his steps rapidly in the direction of the mountain, towards the Sueure woods. It was already late when he arrived there. He penetrated the dense copse, and sat down at the foot of an oak. He had shed many tears while on the way thither, but still he wept. It did him so much good to weep!

Why had he come to the woods? Perhaps to hide. He could not have told why; it was without reflection, instinctively, that he had turned in that direction. Why, moreover, should he conceal himself? Was not the Wolf-hunter dead? Besides, suffering and time had wrought such great ravages in his face, and the heavy beard he had let grow purposely so well concealed its faded features, that he felt sure that even those who had best known Jean Renaud could not recognize now Mardoche the beggar.

Having relieved his heart by shedding all the tears so long withheld, he began to reflect.

CHAPTER VI.—THE NOSEGAY.

"So! I have seen her," he soliloquized, with his head in his hands. "She approached me without fear, and spoke to me. I heard her sweet voice, and her pretty eyes rested on me pityingly. She gave me alms—all the money she had about her. To think that this beautiful angel is the child of poor Genevieve and of Jean Renaud, the wretched murderer! My daughter! And yet, though my heart throbbed fast, it did not tell me so. How could I know, how could I guess the truth, in seeing her so charming and so pretty! They say that everyone loves her. Well they may!

"I see Pierre Rouvenat's hand in all this; he must have known the truth. So he did not forsake the orphan: he wished to be her godfather, to have the right to protect her further in case of Mellier's death; and if Blanche calls Jacques her father, it is because Pierre wished that too. They have hidden her parents' name from her, they have thrown a veil over her birth. It was a good inspiration, it was for her happiness. Ah! they have done well—very well! And I, by one word, I could destroy the work of Pierre Rouvenat and Jacques Mellier. If I said to Blanche: 'Child, they have deceived you; I, Jean Renaud, the forlorn wanderer, am your father,' I would make my daughter miserably unhappy! Like everybody else, like Genevieve herself, she would thrust me away with horror, and curse me: for no more to-day than formerly can I prove that I am not an assassin! No, no, I would die rather than do that. Die! Am I not dead already? Jean Renaud exists no longer, I am Mardoche the beggar!

"Have I the right to complain? Has not God taken pity on me? I have lost my poor Genevieve, but in her stead I have found her child, my daughter. I shall see her often—no one can hinder me from doing that—and I can love her with all my soul, without her knowing anything at all about it. Ah! Blanche, to see you again will add indeed another happy moment to my miserable existence!"

He took from his canvas bag a little piece of rolled-up cloth, which he opened cautiously, and gold glittered under his eyes. He counted his little treasure—eight twenty-franc pieces.

"How many years of slavish toil this represents!" he murmured—"the little savings I had laid by for the days when age should have deprived me of the use of my legs. But now I must spend some of it, for Blanche's sake. A new pair of shoes—dear me, dear me! a coat—oh, my! trousers—oh, oh! how fine I'll look the next time I see my daughter, my beautiful daughter!"

He replaced the gold in his bag; then, night coming on, he cut three or four armfuls of ferns, and made himself a bed at the foot of the oak.

The next morning the rising sun found him standing before a huge mass of rocks that shot out of the bowels of the earth on the hillside. From there he could descry, through the light haze that still covered the valley of the Sableuse, Fremicourt to the left, Civry to the right, and straight before him the high gables of Seuillon.

"Yes," he murmured, "I'll make this my home, and when the day dawns I'll have but to leave my hole to see, as I do at this moment, the roof she sleeps under."

A natural grotto, dug beneath the rocks at the farther end of a large rent, was about to become Mardoche's abiding-place.

"I'll have a house of my own," he had said to himself, "and I like that better than sleeping now in one barn, now in another."

CHRISTMAS-DAY—BEHIND THE SCENES.

At rest on this point, which was the beginning of the new life he wished to lead henceforth, Mardoche returned to the woods, where he gathered a nosegay of May lilies. He trimmed it off with green leaves, tied it together as well as possible with osier twigs, and then started for the valley with a joyful air.

"She loves flowers," he said to himself, as he strode along. "She will find this bunch near her on waking up."

It was his intention to place the flowers in the hands of the first person he should meet in the neighborhood of the farm-house; but, seeing no one, he was obliged to enter the courtyard. Pierre Rouvenat was walking to and fro there, with his hands behind his back, smoking his pipe. Deeply agitated, Mardoche shook from head to foot, and hesitated a moment, in doubt whether to retreat or advance.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, "I must not be afraid and tremble like a child. Since I must attempt the trial sooner or later, why not now?"

Rouvenat turned at that moment and espied him. Mardoche went towards him. Pierre stopped and waited, all the while examining this singular visitor with curiosity.

"I bring this nosegay, monsieur," said Mardoche.

Rouvenat opened his eyes wide with surprise, his strange visitor continuing with some embarrassment:

"I gathered it this morning for the young lady, who loves flowers."

"Ah! very good. Was it you that Mlle. Blanche met near the river yesterday?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"She spoke to me about you; you have interested her, it seems. She will accept your flowers with pleasure. But she is not up yet; if you will wait, you may offer them to her yourself."

"No, thank you; I can't wait. Here is the nosegay; be kind enough to hand it to her."

"And have you no message to send with it?"

"Oh, no. But, if you would permit, I would come to the farm now and then."

"As often as you wish, old man."

"Your manner of talking leads me to think you are the young lady's godfather."

"Mlle. Blanche spoke to you about me?"

"Yes; she says you are the best of men. Good-day, Mons. Rouvenat; I'll come back again soon."

Mardoche went away rapidly.

"Even he didn't recognize me!" he said to himself when he had left the courtyard. "I am safe." And he heaved a sigh of relief.

Pierre Rouvenat followed him a moment with his eyes; then, passing his hand over his brow, he murmured:

"It's odd, the poor devil moved me to the very bottom of my soul!"

He entered the house, ascended the stairs, and knocked softly at the door of Blanche's room, which had once been Lucile's.

A sound of light steps was heard within, the door opened, and the young girl appeared in a white muslin wrapper. She had just risen.

"Oh! what a pretty bouquet!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around old Pierre's neck. "You gathered it for me? How kind you are!"

"Child," he replied, smiling, "you know very well that I haven't time in the morning to go to the woods after lilies; the old beggar you saw yesterday brought you this."

"Mardoche?"

"Yes, Mardoche."

"Is he below?"

"No, he would not wait; he is gone."

"But he will return, won't he?"

"He said he would. Are you, then, so very much interested in this poor man?"

"Yes, indeed. I thought of him yesterday all day long. He seems so unhappy. You will receive him well when he comes back, won't you, godfather?"

"Certainly," said Pierre, "since you have taken him under your sheltering wing. If he is like the rest of us," he continued, stooping and kissing the lovely girl, "your smiles will make him extremely happy. But I must let you get dressed. I'll see you again by-and-bye."

Pierre quitted the room.

Blanche looked at the nosegay a moment, then raised it to her pretty nose and inhaled its delightful perfume.

"Poor Mardoche!" she sighed, "how kind of him to think of me! I do wish I could make him happy."

She put the lilies in a porcelain vase filled with water, and placed it well in view upon the mantelpiece.

CHAPTER VII.—THE PUPPET-MAN.

In the beginning of 1869, one of the little puppet-theatre seceted on Marigny Square, in the Champs Elysees, had enjoyed for the past three years great popularity among the children. It was called the Theatre de Rigolo. The brilliant decorations, the little faces artistically carved and colored, the richness of the costumes, the clever farces played, in which sallies and wit and pointed expressions abounded, all this warranted its reputation and the celebrity won by its proprietor, who was known as Pere Rigolo.

Like his neighbors of the Guignol, Gringalet, and all the other theatres, Pere Rigolo had his Punchinello and the principal characters of Italian comedy: Harlequin, Pierrot, Cassandre and Columbine, Gripandouille, Mere Trifoulan, the gendarme and the apothecary; but, thanks to the change of costume, each character often represented several others. Thus, Cassandre easily became a big Normandy farmer, or a marquis of olden times, or a good citizen of our day. Pierrot himself—Pierrot, with his pale face, transformed into a very stout little person—became the victim of the apothecary, who made him swallow an unlimited number of pills. No wonder he was so pale! But at the Rigolo Theatre the character that rivaled Punchinello in high spirits and frivolity, and who most always triumphed, was Rigolo himself. Dressed in a green cap and a blouse drawn tight to the waist by a gold belt, wherever he showed his waggish and cunning face, which looked so much like that of a gamin of Paris, there were long acclamations and gleeful stamping of little feet. Never was an artist of the Comedie Francaise, of the Porte Saint Martin, or of the Opera-house more indulged, admired and fawned upon than this Rigolo, this irrepressible gamin. He was the character that the merry little audience waited for so impatiently; he was the necessary hero, the actor that could not be dispensed with.

And it was not on the children alone that Rigolo exercised his fascinating powers; mammas, and even the gravest papas, often writhed with laughter in listening to his jokes, his comic speeches and astonishing turns of subtle humor. Rigolo was also the character by predilection of the man concealed within the theatre; and it was known that he was almost entirely engrossed in this cherished puppet, which he made to move, dance and jabber. Needless to add that Pere Rigolo's daily receipts were excellent.

Now, one day in June, despite the sparkling sun, and to the great wonder and vexation of its frequenters, the Theatre de Rigolo remained closed. What could have become of Pere Rigolo? The neighbors and guardians of the Champs Elysees were questioned, but they knew nothing. The evening before Pere Rigolo had taken down his scenery, packed his puppets in a large basket, and had gone away with the air of saying a word to a soul. Some say that, finding himself rich enough, the puppet-man had left his theatre for good, which might have been so; but, in that case, why had he not sold it? It was known that proposals had been made to him, and that nothing but the embarrassment of a choice stood in the way of his finding a successor.

Pere Rigolo is an old acquaintance of our readers, who have not forgotten Jerome Greluche, the clown of Croquefer's troupe.

The poor clown had been fortunate enough to realize his dream in borrowing only two thousand francs from the gold given to Lucile by Pierre Rouvenat. He had bound himself not to draw too heavily on this little fortune, which was a windfall to him, but which he considered as a sacred trust, for which he would one day have to account to the child he had adopted. The other ten thousand francs were invested through a notary and well secured by a mortgage. The interest paid for the board and clothing of little Edmund, who was admitted as a boarder in one of the best institutions of Dijon. For eleven years Jerome Greluche traveled through the departments of the Cote d'Or, the Haute-Marne, the Aube, the Yonne, and the Nievre, going from village to village, everywhere making his puppets perform little pieces composed by himself. He found the beginning full of hardships; the first two years yielded him no profits, and naught but the strictest economy and his courage in privations kept him from being obliged to sell the little cart and mule that transported his show from place to place. But from the commencement of the third year the situation improved. Jerome Greluche had already quite a reputation. As soon as he announced a performance in a village, crowds flocked to his puppet-theatre. Success followed success, and poor Greluche perceived one day with naive astonishment that fortune was at last beginning to smile upon him. He did not allow this to lead him into foolish extravagance; prosperity made him neither vain nor proud; he remained what he was before, the poor clown. If he bought new costumes for his troupe, or, if the mule had from time to time its peck of oats or a few handfuls of ground barley, he himself continued his system of strict self-denial, eating dry bread a little oftener, and never drinking anything but water. When the good Burgundians, all of whom are wine-growers and jolly fellows, opened their eyes with surprise because he did not participate in their vintage festivals, he said to them:

"I like wine as well as any of you; but it makes one hoarse, and I must keep my throat clear in order to make my puppets talk."

Greluche did not speak the truth: he drank no wine for economy's sake, thinking of the child who had become his sole preoccupation, and who was the only being that made him cling now to life with real pleasure.

The day he returned to Edmund's capital the sum he had borrowed from it he felt an immense satisfaction.

The puppet-show continuing successful, he invested his savings through the same notary, in whom he had perfect confidence, and, no longer requiring even the interest accruing therefrom, either for the child or for himself, he let them to accumulate and increase the capital.

When Edmund had taken his first communion, Jerome Greluche, who was constantly dreaming of a brilliant career for him, took him from the school at Dijon, where he was one of the best scholars, and, bringing him to Paris, sent him to the college of Saint Barbe. He hired, in the Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Genevieve, a little apartment, which he furnished very modestly. But this was to be only a temporary abiding-place, for, after a fortnight's rest, Greluche again joined his puppets, which he had left at an inn in Clamecey.

Almost three more years slipped by. Then, experiencing a great longing to live near Edmund and see him oftener, Greluche suddenly found himself weary of his perigrinations through the provinces; so he returned to his apartment in the Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Genevieve, to the intense joy of the student of Sainte Barbe, who was at last to have near him the sure and devoted friend whom, in his gratitude, he called his father.

However, in order to provide for the expenses of the collegian without touching his capital, which was to have its destination later, and not wishing to touch his savings, either, Greluche knew that he must work. But, having left his puppets, he did not know what to do. As for resorting to his former profession, he did not even think of it. Moreover, the expenses having increased from year to year, he required now, notwithstanding the closest economy, more than two thousand francs annually. So it was absolutely necessary that he should find some employment that would yield him this amount. And that was no easy matter.

When he had examined the situation well and reflected long, he wrote a petition for a license to establish a little puppet-theatre in the Champs Elysees, which he sent to the Prefect of police, accompanied by some excellent testimonials. A month later the license was granted him; and thus Jerome Greluche became Pere Rigolo.

Edmund was graduated from Sainte Barbe with high honors. He was bachelor of arts and sciences. From that time forward he could give himself up completely to the special studies of a profession consistent with his tastes and temperament. It depended on him alone to enter the High Normal School, the Central School, or the Polytechnic. But, hesitating, uncertain of himself, perhaps, he came to no decision, although fully convinced of the necessity of his entering an active life with determination.

For more than a year past deep sorrow had been oppressing Edmund, who no longer laughed nor took pleasure in anything, as if lassitude of mind made him anxious, uneasy and timid. His thoughts were gloomy, and deep indeed was the secret sorrow which he endeavored to conceal from good Greluche, who had not noticed unalarmed the rapid change that had taken place in the ways and ideas of his dear child. This change had its cause, this confined sorrow its reason. Years before Greluche had said to him: "You are an orphan, and I am the only being in the world that loves you." And as the puppet-man had never told him more, as his manner had indicated that he did not wish to tell him more, he had never ventured to question him.

It was not until the last year of his college life, when he was fast approaching man's estate, that he began to reflect seriously on this continued reticence of his adoptive father respecting his family. Then he searched his memory for reminiscences of his childhood. It was long before he succeeded in throwing any light upon the matter, the darkness seeming impenetrable. But, at last, he again saw his mother, on a cold and stormy night, stretched lifeless on a bed of snow. And the dismal vision had not left him since; it followed him everywhere. He constantly beheld the body of a woman lying in the snow; he heard the lugubrious whistling of the wind, and felt in his smarting face the icy cold of the horrible December night. This woman, his mother (who else could she be?) was doubtless dead; but she had a name, a family, which Greluche had hidden from him. Now, before thinking of becoming anything, before desiring to be a useful man, he wished to know this name, this family. He was in the same position as his unfortunate father. Fate had decreed it thus.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BEHIND THE SCENES ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A musical clinking of glasses, commingling
With peals of laughter and mirth uproarious;
Beauty, the sight of which sets the blood tingling—
Warmly voluptuous, witchingly glorious;
Here, in the greenroom, a company gay,
Forgetful the while of duties laborious
Imposed by the extra matinee,
Assembles between the acts of the play
To enjoy, in a thoroughly Thespian way,
Those pleasures which hold unlimited sway
Behind the scenes on a Christmas-day.

Where will you find a company merrier?
Where will you hear retorts that are patter?
Even the small professional terrier
Is far too erratic to be a mere ratter!
Here is the Prince, so distractingly fair
That Venus must quail in the presence of either
No wonder, when seen in the footlight's glare,
She bewitches the fellows who've lost their hair—
She's quite an entrancing hero as there—
And you ought to see her out of the play,
Behind the scenes on a Christmas-day!

These daisies—to speak in a common vernacular—
Are representative greenroom flowers;
They flourish best in the drama spectacular,
And thrive under copious champagne showers!
Full-bosomed, hair golden, 'tis easy to trace
The source of their sorrows and their sire like powers.
And here is the clown with powdered face,
And the manager—natty adonis in grace—
And the ballet-girls tarletan-petticoating in lace,
All laughing and quaffing and merrily gay,
Behind the scenes on a Christmas-day!

Then here's to the Thespian party uproarious—
A bumper to every good actor jolly!
May merriment lighten their duties laborious,
And laughter forever dispel melancholy;
May wine, old and yellow, and viands rare,
Never be lacking to innocent folly,
For the mimic stage has quite its share
Of worry and work and sorrow and care,
And to seize the few pleasures it can is but fair,
While fun should have unlimited sway
Behind the scenes on a Christmas-day!

THE LEADER'S WIFE: AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY CELIA LOGAN.

"Hard lines" as may sometimes fall to the lot of professionals in these days, there is no such general poverty or living from hand to mouth as there used to be twenty or thirty years ago. Prosperity was then the exception, and not the rule, as now. People had "to work their way up." If they began in the ballet, they were likely to stay there, unless some unforeseen accident or signal ability enabled them to rise above it. Outsiders who had never crossed a stage nor spoken a line in public did not then rush in, and by the aid of a few thousand dollars buy an appearance, a play, and start immediately as a star, with a company of their own, and billing enough to cover all the dead-walls of an ordinary-sized town. Had some toil-worn actor or actress in the olden time become suddenly possessed of two or three thousand dollars, he or she would have been much more likely to have retired on a competence, as it were, than have risked it in some perilous project, having in view personal aggrandizement.

In the days of stock companies, the ballet people were usually engaged for the season, year after year, just as the popular favorites were. An actor then could take a house for the Winter, and establish a home. Husband and wife also were more frequently than not employed in the same theatre, so that there was more home-life and domestic happiness than is now possible in the profession, when the husband is obliged to travel with one combination, the wife with another, for the season, leaving the children without the care of either parent.

However, it is not my purpose to point out the differences in theatrical life then and now, but to relate how one woman unexpectedly got out of the ballet, and became the wife of the leader of the orchestra in the old Patriotic, in a certain now great city of the West.

There was a little bit of romance about them, to begin with. Eunice Travers was the daughter of a thriving village-merchant, and Carl Hermann a musician, who had wandered from the Fatherland to seek his fortune in the New World. He made a few successful appearances as a star violinist, but was by no means a good enough artist to command a lasting fine position, even in those days, when music was little understood and less cared for in the United States.

So Hermann drifted about, getting poorer and poorer, until he settled down as teacher of the violin and piano in the village where Eunice's family were the aristocrats and leaders of "society." He taught young ladies the piano, and among his most beautiful and talented pupils was Eunice. It was not wonderful that the lonely heart of the young German should go out to the young girl, nor that she should give hers in return—for Hermann was a perfect specimen of that blonde, manly beauty which is typical of Germania's sons.

None thought this mutual love strange except Eunice's proud parents, who had calculated that by some grand alliance she would raise them in the social scale. After vainly pleading his cause with them, Hermann persuaded Eunice to elope with him, which act of disobedience closed the paternal door on the wife of the nomadic musician.

Together, happy in each other, but continually fighting the wolf at the door, they wandered about, until at last Carl obtained the leadership at the old Patriotic Theatre. Here they remained for some years "fixtures," as such members of a stock company were called. Children came, and but one dark shadow marred their happiness. Carl was gradually losing his sight. The disowned daughter of the haughty village-magnate had long since gone upon the stage, not in any exalted position, but one in which her father would have thought her unsexed, namely, as a gentleman of the ballet. In those old times, there were "supers" in plenty to make up mobs and carry banners, but very few men to wear a dresscoat or a peasant's jacket, to play the gentleman or gracefully lead a rustic dance. Eunice was large, tall and masculine-looking, of the Charlotte Cushman order of appearance, and made up exceedingly well as a man; so it came about that she never wore skirts on the stage, leaving that, as she said, "to the little things." For portraying with elegance and well-dressed ease a sprightly pal male guest at grand weddings, the mate but noble scion of some ancient house, the stripling fop, the young tar and the leader of the dance on the village-green, Mrs. Hermann received the not exactly princely salary of three dollars a week. This, with Carl's salary of nine only, obliged them to live closely to make both ends meet. Eunice had tried to obtain a few music pupils in the city before settling down in the ballet, but the prejudice against the stage was then so strong that parents would permit their daughters to be instructed by a leader's wife. So she was obliged to accept her fate, and, though born in luxury, she never complained. Whatever had been her struggles for a decent livelihood, nothing had seemed so hard to face as the threatened blindness of her husband.

The holidays were approaching. Business had been bad, salaries had been cut down, and several people discharged. The manager was looking forward to a grand spectacular drama to pull the business up. It was to be produced on Christmas-night, as a great attraction was necessary to induce people to leave their pleasant firesides and merry sports to go to a theatre.

The spectacle had been weeks in preparation. Carl had composed all the music for it, and had worked early and late at rehearsals. His wife always went with him, taking him to and bringing him home from the theatre. This, with her own and household duties, made it very fatiguing.

Day by day she noticed that Carl groped his way with more and more difficulty, but she alone knew he could not see the notes before him as he led the orchestra. She it was who wrote the music at his dictation, and so knew every note of it by heart. He had taught her the violin in their early days of love-making, and had there been then, as now, a Vienna Ladies' Orchestra, she might have become a distinguished member of it.

As day by day brought blindness more imminent to Carl, Eunice practiced with the greatest assiduity.

"If anything should happen to him," she thought. Something did happen to him, just at the worst time it could happen; or so swore the manager of the Patriotic when word was hurriedly brought him at the very moment the curtain was going up on Christmas-night that Carl had been struck with paralysis. Here was a terrible situation! The house was magnificent for the first time in the season.

The manager rushed to the humble home of the Hermans. It was indeed true. Overwork and anxiety about the piece had struck down the poor musician at the very moment of his triumph, as well as the manager's, for he had expected to receive at least a modicum of praise for the beautiful music he had composed.

But his short dream of fame was over forever. He would never lead again—never again move hand nor foot. And the stroke had also deprived him of the last remnant of his sight. He was blind.

While such afflictions wrung the manager's heart, he was still mindful of his own trouble. No one could be found to take Carl's place at a moment's notice. The house must be dismissed. He was a ruined man, for he had run deeply in debt to mount the spectacle. While he was bemoaning his hard fate a thought occurred to Eunice. It was a bold one, but the emergency was great.

"Send here," she said, "someone to take care of my husband during my absence, and I will lead the orchestra to-night."

"You!" exclaimed the manager, "Can you play the violin?"

"Yes—and I know every note of the music too. There is no use raising objections. You must either let me try, or close the theatre."

The manager gladly agreed, and Mrs. Hermans' proposition as to terms—which were that she should receive her own and her husband's salary, and she continued as leader, if she led that night and saved him from ruin.

Failure was not possible to a woman of her determination. Nerved to do her best by the memory of her husband, sick unto death at home, and her babes, she stepped into the orchestra, dressed in her best gentleman-of-the-ballet suit, and, without an apparent tremor, led the orchestra from the overture to the finale.

It was a merry Christmas crowd that wedged itself into every nook and corner of the old Patriotic. Some of the exquisite morceaux were encored.

"What a triumph—oh, what a triumph—it would have been to him!" said the leader's wife to herself as the house rang with applause as strain after strain awoke their approbation.

How little the auditors dreamed what anguish racked the heart of the leader of the orchestra! How little they suspected that the person whose back only they saw was a woman—that woman a wife supplying the place of her husband, who was dying! Such are some of the unsuspected tragedies of theatrical life.

The spectacle was a great success, and the manager was all gratitude to Eunice.

Carl was not dead when she reached home. He lingered until Spring, the wife's devotion supplying him with all that was needful in his condition.

The season came to an end. The manager had been as good as his word, and Mrs. Hermans had led the orchestra ever since her husband had been stricken down. The engagements for the next season were being made. It was with a heart wildly beating with suspense that, in widow's wee is, Eunice made application for the same position. The manager took time to consider. It was an unheard-of thing, he said, to have a woman leader. Though her sex had not been discovered yet, it was sure to be, sooner or later, and then the people might think he was not giving them the highest order of talent. The widow pleaded in the name of her fatherless children to continue her in the position until the public found fault with her playing or discovered her sex. As gentleman of the ballet on a salary of three dollars a week—or even five, as he proposed to raise it to—she could not support them all. The manager yielded. He remembered gratefully the service she had rendered him, and privately admired her talent and applauded her pluck.

In those days the mysteries of life behind the scenes were not dragged forth and given to the public by everybody who wished a peep, else Eunice's disguise would soon have been penetrated and made the subject of newspaper paragraphs. The leader was a person of little consequence, and less interest to the public. Carl's name was continued in the bill, and that was all the posthumous fame achieved by the poor German musician who had wandered so far from home and country in search of distinction.

Eunice's sex never ceased not to be suspected, and yet, as the season wore on, a gentleman took a seat by the orchestra as regularly as the leader herself within it. He always observed her closely, but not impertinently.

The season came to an end, and, encouraged by her success in music, and doffing her doublet and hose, E

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

EARLY ST. LOUIS.—There are no statistics to determine such a wager. The population of California in 1860 is believed to have been 92,597. The reason of its not being a certainty is that the returns never reached Washington, in consequence of a fire that destroyed them. In 1852 it was 264,435, and in 1856 it was estimated that the population was then $18,390, the estimate being based in large part upon actual returns. Whether or not the population was larger in 1853-4 we have no means of knowing. The impression is that it was not, by many thousands; but we cannot use our impressions for the purpose of deciding bets. In 1860 the population had fallen to about 379,946, and in 1870 it had risen to 556,615. It is useless to consider what it is in 1880, as if we cannot say how much more or less it was in 1853 than it was in 1856, we cannot say how much more it is in 1880 than it was in 1854, before the vigilance committees had begun to thin out and frighten away the surplus thieves called there by the good times. It is, perhaps, unfortunate for one of these parties that the bet has been left to us. Nine men out of ten would have decided it in a minute and a half. A. and Stakeholder to pay the money to B would be no proof at all that he had meant to bet on 10,000 plurality, inasmuch as you say that at the time the plurality of the nominee for Garfield was estimated at all the way from 20,000 to 30,000. With so great a plurality as 30,000 it was not unreasonable to consider that the majority was 10,000, in view of the fact that at the last prior Presidential election in this State the Greenback vote was but 1,987 and the Prohibition vote but 2,350, whereas the Greenback vote is increased here almost as much as the straight Democratic vote from 1876 to 1880. In other words, Tilden, with a plurality of less than 3,000 more than you people conceded to Garfield, had a majority nearly three times as large as that which A may have been betting that Garfield would not get. It is not safe to jump at conclusions. If there is any well-defined doubt as to whether the terms of the bet said "majority" or not, the wager should be drawn.

G. A., Buffalo.—There are abundant figures upon this point, but none that we can regard as so conclusive as to justify us in deciding anybody's money away. Religious statistics are things to be carefully conned, inwardly digested, sometimes marveled at, and very often believed; but they are not designed for the decision of bets. There is a way of showing, for example, that there are four times as many Methodists as Roman Catholics in the United States; but it is impossible to ascertain the relative merits of those two or of any other religious denominations we should not go that way to work about it. It is on a par with an approved method of ascertaining the number of Protestants in any Christain community: Guess at the number of Catholics, and the remainder, including Bob Ingersoll and the Pope of Protestants. We think that these are more Methodists than Catholics in the United States, which, although it does not decide the bet, is the best we can do for you.

A. Z. B., Lakeport.—It is a draw. The bet was predicated upon the assumption that Tilden would be a candidate before the Democratic Convention on the 5th of ballots. He was not. He declined to be one, although he secretly hoped to be one before the Convention adjourned. The matter of bets he was not interested in nomination, although, as was the case with Horatio Seymour, George B. McClellan and some others (including Jamal A. Garfield toward the last), he was not averse to be put by new delegates, without his knowledge or consent. Had Tilden been placed in nomination on the first ballot, A would certainly have won his bet—Tilden would without much doubt have got more votes than any other candidate, although not enough to make him the choice of the Convention.

OLD-TIMER.—1. The Eckfords were not in existence after 1872, and consequently could not have played the Athletics in 1878. The nearest approach to the score mentioned was on May 15, 1871, when the Athletics defeated the Eckfords by a score of 12 to 11. 2. In the game May 15, 1871, the Athletics' nine were: McBride, pitcher; Malone, catcher; Fisler, Reach and Meyerle on the bases; Radcliff, short-stop; and Cuthbert, Sensenderfer and Heubel in the outfield. The Eckford team included Martin, pitcher; Hicks, catcher; Allison, Swandell and Nelson on the bases; Holdsworth, short-stop; and Gedney, Shelley and Snyder in the outfield, the last-named being substituted in the place of Chapman, who was ineligible to play.

EIGHTDOWN, Portland.—1. Strictly, B lost the game, so far as A is concerned, in consequence of throwing up his hand on the next deal of what D said. The bet was between himself and C and D he ought not to lose, however, as they were bets on a game between himself and A only, whereas both C and D took a hand in the defiance of the bet. Cards that no one but the actual players shall have anything to say. 2. C loses. A could have given C out, and but for C according the latter a hand he could not have.

SOB OF VULCAN, Dartmouth.—Geo. Hosmer first rowed in public in August, 1876, at Boston, Mass., winning the junior championship of New England, three-oared shells. His first match-race was with John Brown, three miles, $400, and was rowed on Lake Quinsigamond, Hosmer winning by a minute. His next match was with Daniel Driscoll of Lowell, Mass., $1,000, three miles. It took place at Boston, on Charles River, and was won by Hosmer.

H. F. J.—1. If there are any rules in existence bearing upon the holding of the badge in question, we never, to our knowledge, saw them. Were it not the private property of its present holder, he should have relinquished it when challenged last Spring. 2. That depends upon what the conditions were that governed the first alleged match therefor. 3. He was declared the winner of the trophy when he wrestled Thiebaud Bauer.

A. AND B., Holyoke.—A balls were not agreed upon, specified, it was to be presumed that A was to give B twenty-five towards fifty counted. When odds are given in balls, the ball themselves are specified beforehand by the parties, and are taken off the table as soon as the pyramid is broken. Giving twenty-five simply means that the game was won by A, and that A had to get 73 in balls to win, while B had to get but 48.

G. W. H., Newport.—Make your own rules if you cannot play poker as it should be played. People who ring in a blank sheet of paper or a horse-blanket into a pack of cards and a matinée ticket into a game are going to make rules or adopt rules to cover complications that could not arise but for the horse blanket or blank sheet, whose introduction is prima facie evidence of foolishness.

R. H., West Farms; READER, Terre Haute; REPUBLICAN, Des Moines; E. H. B., St. Louis; E. S. T., Albany; CONSTANT READER, Rochester; C. N. E., Syracuse; A. B., Utica; H. C. E., Erie; T. S. F., Chicago; A. D. S., Dunkirk; A. AND B., Rochester; O. P. S., Detroit; W. G. J., Rochester; K. S. T., Chicago; A. B. C., Syracuse; INQUIRER, Osego; T. H., Columbus—See answer to "F. R. F., Cohoes."

WILLIAM GRAHAM.—W, in "giving company" to the extent of 30, put both I and H out, and they can divide the purse. It was never intended to play "company" games for stakes of any sort. They are games to while away time in which the object is not to determine which man goes out first, but which man to last, as he has to buy the beer. RYAN.—1. Mother Goose's Melodies Up to Prophecy, of which we have seen at least two versions, is supposed to have been made in England about the year 1468. The year is being eighteen hundred and eighty-one," but after next year it will be printed "eighteen hundred and ninety-one," and so on.

C. H. W., Philadelphia.—We take cognizance of the game proper, which is played with a single deck of cards, but not of that diversion of it in which two decks and three packs of cards are used. That form of pinochle is really the women's and children's game of bezique, and is played in all sorts of ways.

NO SIGNATURE.—1. We cannot say when the steamboat of that name first ran to Red Bank, N. J. 2. The old National Theatre, this side of the corner of Chambers and Leonard streets. 3. Freeman, the American giant, probably exhibited in several places in this city. He certainly exhibited in or off of Bleecker street.

READER, Brooklyn.—1. He was not a favorite after the game began, even if he was at any time before it. 2. Yes; Pekin are one and the same. 3. We have no data to account at all in point of population, being about on a par with your own city. London would almost make eight cities like it.

E. S. P., New York.—The games Atlantic vs. Cincinnati in 1869 and 1870 were as follow: June 16, 1869, Cincinnati 2, Atlantic 0, Bedford, 32 to 0; June 24, 1869, Atlantic 7 vs. Cincinnati, at Bedford, 8 to 7; Sept. 2, 1870, Cincinnati vs. Atlantic, at Cincinnati, 14 to 3; Oct. 26, 1870, Atlantic 7, Cincinnati, at Philadelphia, 0.

T. M. F., Brooklyn.—At the throwing tournament on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, Oct. 15, 1872, the following were the throws for, and distances attained: Atlantic, Leonard, 119yds. 1ft. 10in; Geo. Wright, 117 yds. 1ft. 1in.; Boyd, 115yds. 1ft. 7in.; Fisler, 112yds. 6in.; Anson, 109yds. 6in.

TWENTY-ONE, Bradford.—It is our opinion that B should be regarded as having been fully paid, and that is also the opinion of gentlemen to whom we have referred the point. Still, there are several distinct ways of playing vingt-un, which is possibly an excuse for maintaining that B has not been fully paid.

H. L. S., Chicago.—He is to be held, in the event of a dispute, as having meant what he said. There is no mistaking the meaning of "majority," unless it is qualified in some way. It is not plurality. Our views upon this point have been expressed in these columns many hundreds of times within the past twenty-seven years.

S. H. L., Auburn.—1 is the fundamental law of Kansas, Connecticut, Indiana, Ohio, Oregon and California that only white persons shall vote therein. The law may exist still upon the statute-books of those States, but amendments to the Constitution of the United States have rendered it a dead letter.

H. W. F., Fond du Lac.—Not desiring to multiply words, we will say that, so far as your statement can guide us, it inclines us to render the decision that the bet is a draw. We believe that both parties were actuated principally by the relative amount of business done and to be done on business days.

J. C. D., Yonkers—There is no mention of George Crook in any account of the Battle of Manassas that we have; but he probably commanded the Thirty-sixth Ohio Volunteers, as he was a Colonel in that regiment during the war, and was not made a brigadier until the next September.

LYNN.—Under no circumstances, unless it has been agreed to do so, can his partner, if A has no cash, draw on mine, make that pile mines without having a mine in his hand. This has always been our decision. We have not the space to spare to print your entire communication.

F. B. P., Cohoes.—The bet of V being that "the Garfield Electors will have 20,000 majority over the Hancock Electors in New York State," he wins. The majority called for here was a qualified one, and excluded all votes not cast for Garfield and Hancock Electors.

J. A. S., Hyde Park.—Each Broadway begins at Chatham street and ends at Grand, and Elm street runs from Reade to Spring. State exactly what else you wish to know, as we have not space to spare for the names of all the intervening streets.

A. AND B., Boston.—Both are healthy for horses. Probably you mean for human beings. In moderation they are healthy, but they are not easily digestible by the human stomach, if taken in quantities. You had better draw your bet.

J. N. M., Minneapolis.—The terms of this bet did not call for a thousand majority. The Republican carried this State by twenty thousand when the head of their ticket got twenty thousand more votes than the next highest opposed. A wins.

F. REDIGER, Vallejo.—1. The best record for five miles, turn, sculling, in a race between oarsmen, is 35m. 10s., by Lewis Ward. 2. It is not accepted. 3. Thanks for information.

J. H., Seneca.—1. The Indiana vote for Porter seems to have been 230,291, and for Garfield 232,164. 2. With a bet worded in that way it would suffice for the head of the Republican Electoral ticket to have 4,000 more votes than the head of the next highest Electoral ticket.

H. W. C., Atalanta.—The order of counting out, to be used in the event of William Kinsella's vote holding it, in Cuba, in 1933. It would require a special act of Congress in Garfield's case, however.

C. R., St. Louis.—Losses. At regular euchre there cannot be two lone-hands in opposition, nor can a player make four points by getting fewer than five tricks. At the mongrel game called railroad-euchre, there can be two lone-hands, and one of them can score four by a euchre.

WM. EICHELBERGER, Franklin.—1. The signed articles stipulate that they should go by report of pistol and they start by mutual consent, the starter has power to declare it no race, and to order the men to run again. The referee cannot give a decision until the starter declares it a start.

AL. R.—1. Sullivan was engaged in an altercation with fair spectator's seconds, and refused to answer the call of "Time" whereupon the referee declared Morrissey the winner. 2. The race was undoubtedly timed in 10½sec. 3. See CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

W. H. P., Baltimore.—It is in violation of good taste in language to say "a *suite* (sweet) of apartments." As we say "a suit of clothes," so we should say "a suit of apartments" when speaking English. The word "suit" is in English the equivalent of the word *suite* in French.

C. J., Milwaukee.—When the tie is determined, so the bet will be determined. In the absence of any agreement to the contrary, it is the rule of fifteen-ball pool to settle ties for the relative standing of players at the close of the next ensuing game.

NO SIGNATURE, Bonesommon.—A having turned down the ace or eight, and B having the nine, the latter could score eight points, as provided he did not look before another card was led. Closing does not absolutely prevent exchanging.

H. H. Bedford.—1. The proper figures are 58, as we are informed in a letter received from him, the performance having previously been incorrectly reported. 2. The information given is official.

READER, Westfield.—We understand that the proper name of the brothers referred to is Solomons. One of them was formerly engaged in the manufacture of cigars at Westfield.

WHITE HORSE, Philadelphia.—1. Do not know, but presume it is the regulation size. 2. Ed. James' Manual of Sporting Rules contains the information wanted. 3. Never read a description of the affair

C. F.—1. Cook.

R. R., East Saginaw.—The decision of the outside party, to whom it was left, settled it. He said it was neither open nor short. Our decision is that it was open, but this does not affect his decision.

J. MCG., Elizabeth.—1. Edward Trickett was born in 1851. 2. Wm. Elliott, ex-champion sculler of England, was born in 1849. 3. E. C. Laycock was never champion of the world.

WM. EDWARDS, Philadelphia.—The Greenwood cars from Fulton Ferry go direct to the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-third street, South Brooklyn; you then have to walk one block to Fourth avenue.

W. H. G., Providence.—The population of London, Eng., one hundred years ago, we should judge to have been about 800,000, inasmuch as that city began the present century with a human roll-call of 958,863.

W. H., Saratoga.—There is no law against calling it two pieces; but suppose we call it one, the same as you would call a pocketbook, although it had a dozen different things in it.

R. S. D., Bangor.—It will save us trouble if you will await THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1881, which will appear about Jan. 10 next, and embody almost everything in the line of records.

H. N.—If received, it was answered. Why did you not repeat it when you last wrote? Or do you suppose that we keep such things, or that we remember your case from among hundreds of others that we receive weekly?

C. W., Jacksonville.—One volume of the poems of E. Norman Gimbrede was published in New York, Pa. He was contemplating the publication of another volume when he died.

KIRKL, New Orleans.—Mullane pitched for the Akron Club on Sept. 8, 1880, when they defeated the champion Chicagos. Only two safe hits were made off Mullane's delivery.

PHILIP GIRARD, Valley City.—1. The last match for the lacrosse championship was played Oct. 25 last at Toronto, Ont., the Torontos defeating the Shamrocks. 2. It has changed hands in that time.

W. F. L.—1. The Tecumseh Club of London, Ont., was never a member of the League. 2. The Tecumsehs won the championship of the International Association in 1877.

SUBSCRIBER and R. P. H., Middletown, Pa., and ANTOURS, Providence.—See baseball column for a list of the players engaged by the League clubs for 1881.

T. W. H., San Francisco.—You can draw at the drawgame of dominoes even when you have a piece that will play.

E. C. S., Atalanta.—The order of counting out, no matter in what order the points are made, is high, low, jack, game, don, sancho, pedro.

ROCK AND BILLS, Saginaw.—The Eureka Roving Machine sells for $10. You can probably purchase it from some dealer in Detroit or Chicago.

FORT ROBINSON, Nebraska.—The largest run in the Chicago match between Dion and McDevitt was 1,458, made by McDevitt.

M. E. S.—M loses. Had E expressly bet that he was taller than M, the bet would be a draw; but if B did not say this, he is not to be imagined as having said it.

E. M., Angel Island.—If the game was auction-pitch, a form of seven-up, B is out on his high, having made the two he gave.

R. W., Georgetown.—Four persons were hanged for the assassination of President Lincoln—Harold, Payne, Atzerot and Mrs. Surratt.

M. C., Danville.—The game is not known to us by that name. Describe it, and then, with our eyes open, we shall endeavor to give a decision.

J. J. M., Lake City.—If the relative is correct to deal either five or six cards at two-hand cribbage. There are the five-card game and the six-card.

NICOLL.—1. It is a stand-off among the three. 2. The count for the thirty one is two, and that covers last card, but not the pair.

R. R., Chicago.—1. Yes. Such a machine is just what you want for exercise in Winter. 2. A moderately long stroke and feather rather high.

O. B. H., Jeannette.—1. We have none for sale. Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau street, New York, might be able to furnish some of them.

OLD COLONY, Boston.—Laycock and Hosmer have met in only one match race. It was rowed on the Thames River Nov. 2, Laycock winning.

S. C.—1. See numerous answers. 2. General Hancock is, or was quite recently, an honorary member of the Union League of this city.

W. M. V. B., Louisville.—Approximately, the total Greenback vote in 1876 was 81,737, while in 1880 it was 306,729.

NO SIGNATURE.—The largest run at the three-ball game, and who made it, will appear in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1881, to be published about Jan. 10 next.

MICHAEL GORGONAN, Ft. Halleck.—1. Hart is not matched against Rowell. 2. L. E. Myers has the best record in the world for 1,000yds., running—2:18¾.

CON, Springfield.—Bowd lifted 1,163lb with hands alone at Wood's Gymnasium, this city, Aug. 27 last. The weight was solid iron, and the handles were of iron, bare.

SPRINTER, Duke Centre.—Geo. W. Hamilton has cleared 1ft. 5¾in. in a standing long-jump. 2. He used 22lb weights.

J. R. G., Philadelphia.—That double hand was not one of naturals. It takes the first two cards to make a natural. They pay simply, and are so paid.

CHARLEY AND BERT.—The legal value of a trade-dollar is a little over 96 cents. 2. It is not receivable by the Government for custom-dues or taxes.

E. M. K., Brooklyn.—1. It is probably Headley that you mean. 2. The rival armies at Waterloo were about equal in point of numbers.

CENTRAL FALLS.—The "Jack Harold" series is out of print.

W. H. B., Shawangunk.—The late James Gordon Bennett was a Scotchman.

C. A. B.—The bet being "10,000 majority over Hancock," A wins. Governor Tilden, however.

E. M. C., Baltimore.—As the division is required to be in equal portions, the proposition is nonsense.

J. F. S., Dayton.—The play being 5, 4, 4, 3, there is no run.

BRAKEMAN, Boston.—Our decision is that it is one piece.

J. A. Q., Laramie City.—The bet stood, under boating practice, and was won when the race was decided.

J. D., Jr., Elmira.—C did not "go out first" when B went out with him.

G. C., Springfield.—At five-card cribbage the non-dealer has the start regardless of luck.

REX, North Attleboro.—Good Friday is not a legal holiday in this State.

P. S. E., Middletown.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC is sold separately, at fifteen cents a copy.

MURRAY, Baltimore.—F. J. Kaldenberg, 125 Fulton street, New York, can oblige you.

J. H. C., Baltimore.—Henry Braunhold, 58 Lewis street, New York, deals in it.

R. R. B., Chelsea.—We believe Boynton to be correct. It has been spelled Boyton.

N. W. H., Syracuse.—We have been giving it in this column for weeks. READ THE CLIPPER.

E. B. L., Pottstown.—Jan. 24-29, 1881. See our athletic department.

JOE GUNTER, Wilkesbarre.—His full name is Frank H. Hart.

A. B. B., Yonkers.—Paddy Ryan defeated Joe Goss at Collier's Station, West Va., June 1, 1880.

R. K. H., Marshalltown.—Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

M. J. C., Baltimore.—We do not need anything in that line at present.

JOHN LUCK, Bay City.—Joe Goss was born at Northampton, Eng., Nov 5, 1838.

WM. SCHONFELD.—You can learn the price and where to send for the Spalding Gymnasium Shoes. James Card.

DECLINED.—"Blue-eyed Claribel,"i "If I Ever Get the Chance."

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—The only way to find out would be to address the trafic-manager of that road.

R. J. E., Elmira.—W. loses. Cuba has a population of about 1,400,000.

C. E. Charleston.—Artificial leather, called leatherboard, is manufactured in New Hampshire.

H., Cambridge.—Lowell is the poet who said he would be sixty-two years old on Feb. 22 next.

J. H. H., Bangor.—1. The jack wins the deal. 2. There is a difference of opinion as to the rule in that affair.

HENRY DONOGHUE, Arlington.—See report in this issue.

J. S., Rochester.—Sam Patch did jump at Niagara Falls.

J. U., North Garden.—We do not the spare.—James Card.

CARTER, Baltimore.—He had no majority in Indiana.

J. F., Cleveland.—Maud S is younger than St. Julien.

H. B. M., Erie.—An assisted player cannot go alone.

E. S., Detroit.—Queen Victoria was born in London.

J. J. S., Brooklyn.—See answer to "No Signature."

E. RYAN, Phila.—Where was the tournament held?

C. C., Denver.—The price of the book is fifty cents.

M. S., Beaver County.—The race was so considered.

SUBSCRIBER, Lansingburgh.—He is from Ireland.

C. E., Dorchester.—Sixes beat aces at poker-dice.

J. H., Chicago.—Olive one, give all. 'Tis the rule.

J. K.—Yanke Sullivan was 5ft. 10½in. in height.

P. C.—Lacking trump, you need not play heart.

READER.—He can withhold three sets of hearts.

J. G., Wrightsville.—Please be more explicit.

C. J., Albany.—Dexter's best time is 2:17¾.

F. P., Philadelphia.—See "Sprinter."

P. S., La Salle.—See answer to "Sprinter."

R. G., Toronto.—It is a matter of opinion.

W. F. M., Cincinnati.—See opening.

L. W. F., Grand Rapids.—State the bet.

D. MR., Chicago.—A full beats a flush.

BERENICE.—Your decision is explicit.

H. M., Baltimore.—It is not proper.

M. M., Fishkill.—See next week.

E., Rutland.—The case is not in point.

J. R.—There are no records of it.

P. J. E.—Creed not play trump.

H. W. B., Buffalo.—It is a draw.

L. S. T., Chelsea.—The bet is off.

SAM MCG., Pittsburg.—A loses.

J. V. H., Utica.—Out of print.

R. M. J., Boston.—He lost.

IT WON'T DO.

That is not by any means an unnatural ambition which is said to have seized upon one of the leading members of the Sarah Bernhardt company, viz., to come to this country another season and star on his own account. The French actor has doubtless been impressed with the idea that America is an extraordinarily good place for the cultivation of dramatic art; and he reasons, still naturally enough, that, if Bernhardt can rake in the sum credited to her in her engagements thus far, he, the gentleman who has been an important prop in the erratic lady's support, ought at least to be able to draw half or quarter as much when he ceases to be the prop and becomes the main structure. He has further displayed a sense of what he believes to be the requirements of the case by deciding to master the English language as a preliminary to his American tour. He is conscious that his fame at present is not equal to the Bernhardt's, but he is modest enough not to expect so great success as the lady has achieved. Very likely he would be content with a certainty of a thousand francs a night—two hundred dollars or thereabouts—which, as we all know by this time, or ought to, is a mere fraction of what the irresistible Sarah earns. We are not prepared to say how much of credence is to be placed in this story; but if the French actor has really entertained any such project, seriously, we would advise him to give it up forthwith. As we said at the outset, it is not unnatural for a man to entertain the fallacious notion that, because he happens to be traveling with a curiosity whom the public flock to see, he is, for that reason, entitled to some degree of the credit of playing to crowded houses. But if our friend from the Parisian boards were to undertake any such experiment as we have hinted at, even if he spoke English as perfectly as Mr. Charles Backus speaks French, he would still be doomed to humiliating failure. Without the slightest disrespect to the members of the company, we may say that Sarah Bernhardt's support has had no more to do with her drawing houses in this country than the ticket-takers or ushers have had to do in producing the same result. It is much to be doubted whether Sarah herself can ever repeat her first success. It is more than apparent that no one who happened to travel with her can do it.

A MAN who knows a good deal about figures declares that the women of this country hold twenty-one per cent. of all the Government bonds. "Our Jim" says that is a small affair when compared with the men they hold in bondage, the percentage being at least seventy-five. This is a sad commentary on the weakness of man.

BERNHARDT is going it prime in Boston, where she rides in a grand coach, drawn by four real horses, much to the wonder of the residents of the City of Pork and Beans. The clergy of Boston having alluded to her in rather uncharitable terms, she has dealt the dear brethren several hard knocks in return.

MORE HOLIDAY GOODS have been sold this year than you could shake a stick at, which shows that in seasons of prosperity the American people stick at nothing.

CHRISMAS REFLECTIONS.

This number of THE CLIPPER is issued under the date of Dec. 25, which makes it pertinent to allude to Christmas and its festivities. Of all days in the calendar, Christmas ought to be the brightest, the most fruitful of good deeds, and the most hallowed by reason of its associations. It is the one holiday common to all the Christian world; and, because of its wide-spread observance, it tends to make that world kin. The jolly patron saint of Christmas is surely without nationality, or more properly, perhaps, he combines all nationalities, retaining the distinctive features of each, but merging them in an indistinguishable whole. Whether Santa Claus, St. Nicholas or Kris Kringle —whether in England or Germany or Massachusetts —in whatever shape he comes, the round, rosy, jolly patron of the children is always a welcome and blessed visitor. The overwise youngster who presumes to doubt the actual existence of this saint should be summarily dealt with, and forbidden ever to share in the turkey or plum-pudding. We don't want skeptics in pinafores; we don't want the few traditions which are left to childhood rent asunder by premature wisdom. The boy or girl who has come to question the realism of Santa Claus has already overturned one of the bright images which gladden life, but which, once cast down, can never be set in place again.

The stage has done not a little to keep green the traditions of the Christmas season. For generations the Christmas pantomime was regarded as a necessary adjunct to the amusement calendar, and would no more have been dispensed with than the plum-pudding which used to give delight and dyspepsia to our ancestors. Even now, to a degree, the custom is followed in some of the English and Continental theatres, while occasionally we get a glimpse of Clown and Harlequin during the holidays in our own places of amusement. Not that there is anything especially appropriate to Christmas in the performance of a pantomime, except that this form of entertainment is adapted to little folk, and whatever pleases children has an appropriateness to the day. It is a sad fact, but none the less a fact, that we never can behold a Christmas pantomime after a certain age in life. The show is there, to be sure; the familiar characters have undergone very little change; Clown is as funny, Pantaloon as good-naturedly stupid, Harlequin as nimble and Columbine as witching as they were when first we made their acquaintance; very likely the scenery is better, and the tricks are certainly more elaborate than those which used to astound and delight us—but, in spite of it all, it is nothing like the Christmas pantomime we first saw. What is the condition that is lacking? This is undeniably Christmas, and here is unquestionably a pantomime. Why can't we sit back and laugh as we once did? With eyesight considerably less keen, why must we now be compelled to see that the roses on Columbine's cheeks bloomed originally in the rouge-box, and that all the spangles which once we believed to be gold are really nothing but tinsel? Ah, well! A more powerful magician than the good fairy whose wonderful cap makes Harlequin invisible has touched the scene, and so changed it forever. The boy at your side finds the show to-day as rare and wonderful as you did twenty years ago. He will cherish the memory of this particular performance through all his life to come, and a generation hence he will be strong in the conviction that no such Christmas pantomime as that he saw with you has ever been known again. If for no other purpose, then, than to awaken old memories and cause the man to live over again his boyhood, the Christmas pantomime, with its crowding associations, would be worth preserving. And we hope it will be preserved.

As is the case generally when the holiday world sets out to enjoy itself for a day, the playing world is compelled to do extra labor. Very likely, if the members of the theatrical profession could have the privilege of naming in advance the gifts which would carry most comfort to their souls, they would be pretty unanimous in asking to be relieved from the extra matinee. We don't know whether there is any purely Thespian Santa Claus, or, indeed, whether the good St. Nicholas interests himself particularly in the profession; but we feel confident that there would be work enough for at least one able-bodied saint if he bestowed on the followers of the stage all the presents, material and otherwise, which they desire, and perhaps deserve. The successful star would doubtless be pleased to find in his Christmas-stocking an album, made up of exclusively complimentary notices, clipped from the leading journals of the civilized world. To give peculiar value to this memento, there should be not a line of censure in all the extracts; not a disparaging comparison with rival actors; not a syllable breathing the degeneracy of the modern stage; and—this would make the collection as remarkable as it would be unique—perfect unanimity of opinion among the different critics respecting the actor's talents. To the average manager Santa Claus could perhaps give nothing that would awaken a deeper sense of gratitude than a binding contract for a hundred nights' engagement with some undiscovered Bernhardt, absolutely guaranteed to draw three-thousand-dollar houses, rain or shine. Then most managers would appreciate a cap like Harlequin's, which they could put on when they saw an author with a manuscript play approaching. In the shapely stocking of the hard-working soubrette the good saint might deposit an order on the treasurer for an increase of salary—for, while a lucky French woman can come over to our shores and gather in a fortune in a month, there are a good many capable, industrious women who find their professional labors but scantily rewarded, and the road to fame a very wearisome one to travel. A stage-manager who would be able to so distribute the characters in a cast as to give satisfaction to everybody; a treasurer who could show turn in dollars and cents the actual profits which are invariably announced after each electric success; a playwright who would be content to abide by the judgment passed upon his work by the public; a utility man who does not believe himself abundantly qualified to fill the place of the star; an amateur who doubts his ability to mount at one step to the top round of theatrical fame; a ticket-speculator who would be forced to really carry on his business in opposition to the manager's will—any of these would be rare gifts which theatregoers could not fail to appreciate, and by the bestowal of which Santa Claus would win enduring fame.

The time-honored custom of wishing everybody a Merry Christmas is well enough in its way; but if we would catch something of the truer spirit of the day, we must supplement good wishes with generous deeds. At no season does charity make stronger appeals than at this. The man who is blessed with abundance has it within his power to give tangible significance to his expressions of good-will by coupling the wish with a substantial present. It is worth the while even to make some personal sacrifices for the sake of tasting the sweets of giving—which now, as truly as two thousand years ago, is more blessed than receiving. You may not count yourself within the fold, nor make it a practice to follow any of the outward forms of religion; but when this season of Christmas rolls round you can forget that you are a publican, and by making the day bright to some luckless fellow-creature gain for yourself a keener pleasure than any self-gratification can afford. The trouble with our professed Christians is that they seem content with professions alone. They fail to make their religion an everyday, practical matter. Would you convince this street Arab that there is something more to Christianity than imposing churches, oratorical clergymen, and asylums for the unfortunate? It can be done very easily. Let his Christmas be gladdened by a coat or a pair of shoes, by a good dinner, by a word of kindly greeting. These arguments will carry with them astonishing force. So long as charity remains an abstract theory, and the spirit of the Master manifests itself only through tracts and sermons, those outside the fold will find little in the Christmas season to excite sympathy or awaken gratitude; but accompany the story of the birth in Bethlehem with one act in keeping with the teachings of Him who was there born—make the peroration to the sermon a square meal, and the moral to the tract a ton of coal, and your efforts at converting the heathen will not be vain.

In wishing the readers of THE CLIPPER a Merry Christmas, it is pleasant to reflect that the present season is really one of a holiday nature, and that seldom has greater prosperity attended the amusement world. Here in New York our many theatres offer varied attractions, and are reaping, on the whole, a very generous harvest. Similarly successful appear to be a majority of the houses throughout the country. The public is evidently in a mood to be merry. That is a disposition befitting this holiday season, and one which we trust will continue through many a Merry Christmas to come.

ONE EVENING last week a man from New Jersey managed to obtain entrance into one of our Fifth-avenue mansions while a reception was in order, and the undress costumes worn by the ladies there assembled caused the Jerseyman to imagine that he had been wronged, and that he was among the nymphs-du-pave. We don't wonder.

THERE IS a boom in the tin-horn market, and the small boy promises to let all New York bear from him before the close of the week. Manufacturers of tin horns ought to be quashed; likewise the small boy.

GETTING FAME ABROAD.

In a very readable review of English and American acting, which appeared in a late issue of *The London Sunday Times*, Mr. Joseph Knight, while expressing some opinions to which we are compelled to take exception, condenses much sound sense in a brief argument which tends to show that an actor in either country must distinguish himself at home before he can hope to achieve success abroad. Mr. Knight points out that in the matter of dramatic art there is a strong similarity in the tastes of the two countries—and he might have gone further and shown that the highest form, of art, like nature itself, makes the whole world kin. There may be, of course, and generally is, a flavor to acting-dramas peculiar to the soil; and it now and then happens that a play which is signally successful in London fails in New York, as in the case of "Our Boys," or that a popular hit here fails flat across the water, as could be attested by Colonel Sellers. But examples like these do not in any way weaken the position taken by Mr. Knight. The opinion of American theatre-goers with regard to the play which afforded a frame for Mr. Raymond's eccentric character was from the first precisely that of the English audiences; but we were willing to put up with the flapdoodle of the drama as a whole for the sake of the really bright and amusing creation which Colonel Sellers gave us.

The point, of all to which Mr. Knight calls attention, most fruitful in its practical bearings is this: That it is folly for an actor to cherish the notion that his talents will shine to better advantage on the boards of a foreign theatre than at home. The astonishing success which has greeted a few English performers in this country, at one time and another, has led a great many actors of only mediocre ability to seek engagements on this side the water under the mistaken belief that the American public is in want of their services. Possibly they hold to the old-time idea that this country is still crude in its artistic tastes and incompetent to pass correct judgment on the actor's work; and so, while conscious of their own defects, and knowing well enough that they never can rise to distinction on the English boards, they come over here, fondly hoping that what passes for ordinary stock-acting in London will be accepted as the ideal of perfect art in New York. It certainly doesn't take long for these people to discover their mistake. They find, often to their surprise and generally to their sorrow, that the standard by which dramatic art is measured in this country is quite as high as that in England; that the audiences, while entertaining no prejudice against a performer because he happens to be of foreign birth, are in no degree overawed by the fact that he comes direct from London; that the power to discriminate between what is good and bad is as generally possessed by American as by English theatre-goers; and that, in short, to win favor with us, there must be the same genius, finish and force which are essential to success in the mother-country. The discovery of these things is not, as we have intimated, always agreeable to the seeker after fame; but the experience is one from which he cannot fail to benefit. As a rule, American actors have a juster appreciation of the requirements needed for a successful appearance abroad than have their English rivals. This, perhaps, is due largely to the fact that Americans have been taught, up to a recent date at least, to look upon England as a teacher in art, as in letters; and hence, few of our native actors have cared to invite the criticism which a London appearance properly challenges without first attaining to some degree of distinction at home. In the few instances where vanity has led an American to seek on foreign boards that crown of fame which has been denied him in his own country, the result has invariably shown the folly of such an experiment. There would seem to be less need of cautioning our native actors against crossing the ocean in search of honor and riches than of telling the English aspirants what Mr. Knight thus pointedly puts: "Not without the possession of very eminent gifts does an actor win a leading position in America." The truth of this statement will not, we apprehend, be questioned by any member of the profession on this side of the water. It should be equally well understood on the other side. Moreover, its full significance should be kept constantly in mind by all those ambitious performers who look upon this country as a vast field of golden grain, waiting only for the sickle of their individual and peculiar genius. It is true that this is a big country, and it is not to be denied that a foreign harvester has now and then gathered in rich sheaves of monetary wheat; but if the field is broad, the laborers are many—so many that there is really no demand for outside workers, unless they be of an extraordinarily skillful and original character. To cut the golden grain which dazzles the eyes of so many English actors, not only must the sickle be keen and bright, but it must be handled with the dexterity that comes only of long practice. Would it not be far wiser to acquire this dexterity at home than to seek the practice here? The English actor who believes that he will find competition less sharp, or rivalry less bitter, or the pathway to fame less rugged and wearisome in America than in his own country, labors under a grievous mistake. The very last thing we stand in need of are actors of average ability. We have thousands of this kind who more than meet the demand, and the number increases steadily enough without foreign importations.

It is pleasant to be told by Mr. Knight that England has derived from America some of the most intellectual treats that the modern playgoer has experienced. Such a concession as that would have sounded odd indeed a generation or two ago. We can say in return that America is under lasting obligations to the mother-country for some of the actors and plays which she has been good enough to send us. We wish that we might include all English contributions to American theatres under this head. But candor compels us to say that now and then our visitors could have been dispensed with without serious loss to dramatic art. This class will cease to come when the truths laid down by Mr. Knight are as generally understood as they should be.

LAST SEPTEMBER, in the heat of passion, one man stabbed another no fewer than seven times. It was the seventh stab that made any more unnecessary, for it killed the victim instantly. In this city last week the stabber was sentenced to four years in State-prison, the heaviest penalty that could be inflicted in view of the fact that the victim had died. Had he lived, his assailant could have received a much heavier sentence, for an assault with intent to kill. By causing the death of his victim, the stabber actually lessened his punishment. This was possible under the distinctions the existing law makes as to what does and does not constitute murder. Possibly, after the politicians get through for the time being with making "deals" and virtually expatriating voters by changing district lines in order to strengthen parties, our Legislature will have time to inject a little common-sense into the law relative to murder and manslaughter.

THE MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA, who *ought* to be a good and charitable man to run a city like that, is credited with saying that he will not hereafter license any variety theatres. People who don't know Mayor Stokley might imagine that he holds stock in some of the legitimate theatres. If the man at the wheel means to deprive the Quaker City of its cheap amusements, then that suburb of New York —for we talk of moving a train through between the two cities in one hour before long—will become gloomier than ever. Mr. S. had better cry a halt.

WHEN THIS MAN we are talking about was taken before the Judge and charged with disorderly conduct and fomenting fights among families, he denied it point-blank, and said he was not that kind of man. "On the contrary," said he, "I'm a peace-on-earth-and-good-will-to-man-ist!" And that saved him.

HANLAN, at latest advices, was in Ireland. It is thought that his presence there had something to do with the Land-league, but this is not so—it's the *water* league he's interested in. He pulled a few leagues on water to show what the oar is capable of in the hands of men entirely great.

ANY BURGLAR who would surreptitiously enter a house after

SKATING.

SPORT IN THE METROPOLIS.

There has not been so favorable a season for skating in the metropolis for several years past as there has been thus far this Winter. As hitherto, Brooklyn appears to be the most favored locality, for there skating has been at command for over a week since Dec. 11, while the flag has not yet been run up at Central Park. On Sunday last at Prospect Park over 10,000 people enjoyed the skating at command there on that day, among them hundreds of New York uptown residents, who could not get skating at Central Park. The arrangements for public skating on the Prospect Park lakes provide that skaters shall use the inner lakes at all times when the ball is up, but skating is not allowed on the large lake except on Sundays and on holidays. At other times the large lake is used for the ice-boats, the curlers, and for games of ball on the ice. Last week the ball went up at Prospect Park on Friday, and on that day, Saturday and Sunday there were vast assemblages on the inner lakes, the scene presented being a very lively and picturesque one indeed. There was excellent skating there on Monday, too; and, as the ice is six inches thick, the promise is that the sport will be continuous through the holidays, always provided that snow does not interfere.

The Union Pond, Brooklyn, has been more largely patronized this Winter than for several years past. Manager Cammeyer has opened it for Sunday patronage for the first time in the history of the place. The experiment has worked very favorably so far as pecuniary results are concerned.

In this city the Manhattan Athletic Association have opened a skating-pond on their grounds, on Fifty-eighth street and Eighth avenue, and it is managed by MacMillan, who is a veteran in the business. The ice about two weeks ago, on Monday.

The new skating lake at the Polo Ground is to be inaugurated on Tuesday, Dec. 21, at which time it will be opened to club members only. On Wednesday it will be opened to the public for the first time. The supply of ice at command on Monday was about three acres.

The roller-skating rink on Madison avenue and Fifty-ninth street is to be the scene of a lively contest on ice skates on the Christmas-eve, the contestants being teams of Columbia College and the Rink Polo Club, seven players constituting a side and the best five out of seven games the match. The Brooklyn Adelphi Academy Polo Club will doubtless challenge the Columbia players.

SKATING IN ENGLAND.

At a recent meeting of the Council of the National Skating Association, held at Cambridge, Eng., it was agreed "that, if practicable, the new championship of England race take place at Cambridge, that the amateur championship of England race take place in the Oxford district, and that other races be held, should the frost permit and suitable arrangements be made, at Birmingham, the Norwich and Yarmouth district, Peterborough, Huntingdon, Ivel, Wendover, Ely, Fenland, Brook and Elstree. That the race committee be authorized to carry out races other than the championships upon the handicap principle, provided they think it desirable." The committee were also recommended to arrange, if practicable, for races without turns, so as to set at rest the question of how quick a mile can be skated. The winner of the amateur championship will be entitled to hold *The Field* challenge cup, and will receive as a presentation-prize a gold medal, and the second receive a silver medal.

A couple of skating-races are to take place at McMillan's Windsor Skating Park, on Eighth avenue, on Saturday next, for which have entered those noted skaters Messrs. Walton, Cudlip, Pfaff, Phillips and Fessenden. The distances will be two miles and five miles.

BASEBALL.

CURIOUS FEATURES IN BASEBALL.

In a game at Cleveland the batsman banged away for what looked like a safe hit to centre. The ball, however, struck the second-base bag and stopped, and the shortstop, picking it up, fielded the man out at first. The batsman was greatly disgusted, and the scorer quietly credited the second-base bag with an assist.....A batted ball found a berth in one of the openings in a board oak-tree on the ball ground at New Orleans, and a little negro, as nimble as a monkey, jumped from limb to limb and rescued it.....A fly-tip struck the catcher's mask and stuck there, as if in a trap, while the batsmen were making a run. In a College game.....A foul ball lanced between the inner and outer boards of the fence on the Buffalo ground, and a pickaxe had to be used in order to release it.....Gross of the Providence Club on Sept. 1 made a home run on the Buffalo ground by the ball being lost under the left-field fence. Flint made a similar hit on the same ground, Sept. 7, sending home three men in the last half of the ninth inning, and thus making a game for the Chicagos.....During a game at Northampton, Mass., the ball was lost in the grass, and four men were enabled to cross the home-plate before the ball was found. The two winning runs in an interesting game at Orange, Mass., were made on a ball lost in the grass a little back of second base.....Kelly of the Chicagos is said to have batted eleven foul balls over the left-field fence in one game at Chicago, Ill., and consequently eleven boys obtained free admission to the game on condition of their returning the ball.....A curious incident happened in the Albany National game at Albany May 3, when two outfielders ran for a batted ball which was seen to fall to the ground, and without either of the fielders stooping it was fielded out by the striker declared out. Where did the ball go to? Were there two balls? What has become of the ball seen on the ground? Everybody asked, but nobody answered.....Providence players have alleged that one of the Clevelands cut the ball in a championship contest, so as to get a new one, thinking thereby to hit Bradley easier, as he could do more with a soft ball than a hard one. The Clevelands stoutly denied this, and said the ball was cut by their opponents. In the Providence-Buffalo game July 21 the ball was cut with a knife in the twelfth inning, and a new one was obliged to be brought in.....The solitary run in the Providence-Boston game May 5 was secured in a singular manner. York held first on a safe hit, and was followed by Peters, who batted the ball so that it fell fair close to the home-plate. He ran to first, and before he reached it the bag Bond threw the ball wildly, and it struck the runner in the right ear, which diverted the course of the ball so that it rolled out into the field and permitted York to cross the plate.....The Knickerbocker-Bay City game at San Francisco May 16 terminated in a curious manner, credited to Barnie. He was catching, when a foul ball hit him squarely in the forehead and rebounded to the pitcher, who captured it on the fly. Barnie, although stunned at first, was all right in a few minutes as it was. At St. Louis a pitched ball hit a batsman in the head and rebounded thirty feet in front of him.....Carpenter of the Cincinnatis was put out once by coming in contact with a ball from his own bat.....Rain of the Chicagos was in one game declared out for refusing to return to his place faster than a walk after a foul had been batted, and on another occasion was decided out for kicking the ball on his third missed strike at the ball pitched to him from fielding it.....The National-Albany game on July 5 was started in a rainstorm, which continued throughout the nine innings, and is probably the only one between professional clubs ever played under like circumstances.....In a nine-inning game between the Bostons and Clevelands June 9, the former finally made the winning run only by Hotaling dropping a caught fly owning to his eagerness to throw it to a base and make a double-play.....A curious incident happened in the ninth inning of the Chicago-Worcester game of Aug. 24. Williamson hit a ball right down to the ground, and Bushong, who was catching, was obliged to reach over and around the batsman in order to get it. He handled the ball in front of the foul lines, making it a fair hit, but it eluded his grasp and went foul. Williamson ran for first, and Bushong fielded the ball to that point; but before the sphere could be returned to the home-plate Williamson had passed and made the run that saved the Chicagos from being blanked.....The new rule reading: "If the side first at bat scores less runs in nine innings than the other side has scored in eight innings, the game shall then terminate," first went into operation in the National-Baltimore game April 7 at Washington, D. C., and later in the season caused considerable controversy in relation to its proper interpretation. In the game between the Chicagos and Clevelands on July 10 neither nine scored until the last half of the ninth inning, when Glasscock led off with a safe-hit and came home on Dunlap's home-run hit over the centre-fielder's head, thus winning by a score of 2 to 0. The Chicago, however, claimed that the score should be 1 to 0, and that Dunlap's home-run should not be counted, on the ground that the game finished when the winning run was made. The disputed score was afterwards officially decided to be 2 to 0, instead of 1 to 0, for the reason that "the game could not end or be called until the play which won it was completed." The two games between the Worcesters and Clevelands Aug. 11 and 12 were decided by the fact that each club alternately won by making all their runs in the last half of the ninth inning. The score of the Buffalo-Chicago contest Sept. 7 was tied until the last half of the ninth inning, when Jansen, Burns and Dalrymple hit safely and all three were sent home by Flint. The Chicagos thus won by a score of 7 to 4, and in this case they did not claim that the contest ended when the winning run was scored.....The Worcester and Providence Clubs each accomplished the wonderful feat of retiring their opponents in nine consecutive innings without a man reaching first base in safety. Games without runs are common; games without a base hit are rare; but the strike declared out. Where did the ball go to? Were there two balls? What has become of the ball seen on the ground? Everybody asked, but nobody answered.....Providence players have alleged that one of the Clevelands cut the ball in a championship contest, so as to get a new one, thinking thereby to hit Bradley easier, as he could do more with a soft ball than a hard one. 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HANS HOEFER'S CHRISTMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SI SLOKUM.

Dot Hans he haf gomfort der vinters und schillees,
Der nighd joost pefore id vas Ghristmas pend day;
Dhen here he gomes mine, und he dold you der stories—
O Der vool dot he vas, vhen he gif dings away.
So, Hans, joost you dold dhem dot story out Ghristmas,
"Road Tring all day mit der brison so trear,
Peeze you vas voolish, und dhrow away moneys
Mit vimmins and schillens, und mighd haf puy bier.

Ach, ja! I vill dold all der stories abood id,
Und der loast of der name vhen next Ghristmas gomes round,
Oef moneys I haf in mein bocket, und schillens
Vas adarving abould me, mit snow py der ground.
It bebbened dot dings ditn't durn out so blessant
Mit me (through mein fanits) on dot Ghristmas-efe nighd,
Per I vas det trug py der Bombs all dot Ghristmas,
Und hadn't some vun—bud id gome all oud righd.

You see, I had got in mein bocket, dot efenings,
Spot tollar in pills, eighdy cend mit der change;
Und dot vas enough vor to tek me py Ghristmas—
A pachelor I, so id vouldn't seem adrange.
Dhere gomes py mein side in dhis shob a bale vomans,
Her vaces id vas hilder as nader vas snow—
Und blendy vas dot in der cidy dat Vinters—
Und mit her dwo schillens so cold you don'd know.

A vitter she dold me she vas, mit dose schillens—
Her husband haf died und vas puried some dime;
She say she vas boongry, der schillens vas sdarving—
Dhey say she vas boongry, der schillens vas sdarving—
"A ploy," I say, "dot dhey sdarve vor no crime!"
Und say: "You shall bat a vine Ghristmas, goot vomans"
Und schillens," und oud vrom mein eye vall a tear.
"I vix you all righd," dhen I say; und dhis veller
He say: "You tank, pol, alsenz your moneys vor bier.

"Dhe boomboay you, Hans; she vas reckular peggar;
Sin blay dhem dwo schillens on you vor der sdambs;
Joost dold her get vouden, und don't pe a sucker —"
I gif him a look I vos sure haf der gramps!
Und tell oop der schillens, dot gried mit der boonger,
Und say do der modder: "You gome mit me oud."
Do pay vor dose schillens some dings vor Ghristmas
Vas do dot Hans Hoefer, der cobbler, mood broud!"

Ach, vell, bud I vix dhem all righd vor der morrer,
Und gif dhem some eadings und trinkings dot nighd;
Und nedder Hans nor vas so habby
Py making he do joost der ding abood righd.
I say do meinzelfs: "I should sbent hait dot mooneys,
B'rape more as vas dot, mit der bier und scoch stuff;
I'se eighdy cend left, und shall sbent about dhirty,
Dot leef me joost vifty vor Ghristmas—enough!"

I veel dhen all ofer so habby as neler,
Gome pack here und order more schooner oof bier;
Id peter I haf some left vor Hans und so bleasant,
Und nefer haf look half so prighd und so glear!
Ach, vell, I trinks eins, zwei und drei oof dem schooners,
Dhen dey dold me mein mans as habby I vas;
Fy tinking how habby dose modder und schillens
De morrer shall pe, when dhey haf a square meal!

Six schooners I trinks, und I say I vas going;
Dot valler he say: "Hafn't a schooner mit me."
"Ach, ja," I say, voolish, but dhen I vas habby—
I trink till der vloor id rise oop like der sea,
Vas down joost der same, und keep rising and valling;
Und how I lighd oud oof dot shob I don'd know,
Bud veel so mooch habby, vhen oud I vas valking,
Dot somedimes I lay down do sleep mit der snow!

Und vhen I vake oopder next day vas der morrer,
Und Ghristmas haf yesterday vend oop der spoud;
I vind oud meinzelfs dhen dot I vas in brison,
Und vonderer vas the cood vatcher vas around.
Pimepy gomes a gopper und say: "Mein Hans Hoefer,
You go bay resbects py his Honor der Chudge;
Brace oop, bud remember sdyle mit your body;
Or ofer der Island yer go vor a drudge!"

Ach, vell, dhen I valks dhrough der sdreeds mit der gopper;
He led me righd down mit der Dombs Perleece Gourt,
Vhere I vas pad indo a ben mit some pummers—
Vone say: "Gome in, Dootchy, ve're bolting der vort!"
I stay in dot ben a vile, und den dey gome along;
Der gopper dot pring me dhen gall oud mein name:
"I'll sow inderduce you," he say, "do der Chudges"—
Mein vace id vas hot-mit der pumings oof shame.

"Hans Hoefer," he say vone red der Chudges, und sdernly,
"Der charge against you by der officer is
Dot you vas det trunk py der nighd before Ghristmas—
No doubt you vas peing too mooch for dot vonce fix!"
Mein Gott! I'm vas so habby, I vas almost in der gradles.
Sdretched oud on der snow dot you tink vas a ped;
You didn't subbose Ghristmas reunion vas dhere?
Der reasons id vas, dot you haf on a bead!

"Now, vat you shall say do der charges, Hans Hoefer?
You haf der broud righds vor do speak your defense."
I say: "Blease your Honor, dot nighd I so habby ——"
"Den tollar, Hans Hoefer, pefore you go hence.
Or down you must go vor den days," say his Honor.
"Your Honor," I say, "I shall dold you joost now.
How habby vas I ——" "Gome along!" say der gopper,
Und bustle me ouden pefore I know how!

I sday py a room mit some odders dwo hours,
Mein name vas gall loud py some officer dhen:
"Hans Hoefer," he say, und he look me sdernly,
"You haf do abbear mit dheir honors agen.
I vear id shall go mighdy hart mit you, Hoefer;
Der charge vas same as pefore, Hans, as der trunk;
Bud geep up a sdiff ubber lip und don'd veaken—
Sdand oop do der racket, olt mans, und don'd funk!"

Hans Hoefer," do me say der Chudge, vhen I vace him,
Und preak more as a minim as unter he sleas.
More charges vas laid at your door joost dhis minit—
A vomans gomes here dot vas poorly und veak;
Und charge you mit, ged avay mit der schillens—"
"Mein Gott!" I oxclaim, "I haf didn't no harm ——"
"Be silent!" der Chudge dhen sbeak ouden like donner—
"Dot womans she say you preak in mein house."

Dhen in gomes a vomans, und mit her dwo schillens—
Der same I haf vix vor dheir Ghristmas day vood.
"Let dose, ma'am, der mans!" dhen der Chudge ask der womans.
"Ja! ja!" she say quick, und so lond as she could.
"Hans Hoefer," der Chudge dhen he say, und oop-getting,
"Der charge against you by der officer vas dhis—
She svear dot you sieze, und mit malice avoredhought,
Her schillens, und garry dhem quick dhrough der sdreet.

"She swear on der Fook"—when he look at me safage—
"Dot indo der sdores like der vind dit you go,
Und puy wood und coal, mit tea, goffee, und sugar,
Und grocery dings dot I haf didn't know;
Puy bread und puy meats, und enough for a dozen—
Rash indo der haus where der womans she lifs,
Und mask me dot leef der rest oof der dings vor a visit."
Und, leafing, some siller dhis womans you gifs!]

Vat haf you do say mit dose charges, Hans Hoefer?"
"Mein Gott!" I oudgry, "I haf noddings to say!
"Ir vas, den, sir! Now, how dare you be doing
Sooch dings you haf dit, mitoud oben disblay!
How dare you, a poor und hard-vorking shoemaker,
Do dings dot vas taking vrom rich millionaires—
Benevolent mens—all der chances dhey govet,
Oef holding der poor, und releasing deir gares.

"Dvas monsdrous, Hans Hoefer, dhus ropping der
I sendence you now, vhile I veel so ingline:
You shan't haf der gomfort oof den days here sdaysng,
Nor bleasures of preathing der vresh air apoud.
But ieaf here at vonces, sir!—und dot vas der sendence.
But joost let me dold you some dings, now you go:
Dhen ropping der rich vas der chance oof doing
Some goot mit der poor, don'd lie down mit der snow!"

AN ACTOR'S CHRISTMAS:

HOW FORTUNE'S WHEEL TURNED FOR "LITTLE DIBBS" AT LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER FENTON.

"Yes, Mary, the rent is due to-morrow. The grocer's bill must be paid the day after, and we must have coal before the week is out. Where the money is to come from I am sure I don't know."

"It's too bad, George; and little Nellie sick, too. If she were well, I might find time to earn something with my needle; but, as it is, I am of no assistance to you."

"Yes, you are, Mary, my girl. Were it not for you I should lose all heart and give up in despair. Just think, I am thirty-five years of age, and I have been in the theatrical business almost all my life, and yet I have never made any success—never put by anything for a rainy day. I have seen my fellow-actors who began the profession with me rise to eminence and acquire wealth, while I am still 'Little Dibbs,' as they call me, playing small parts at an obscure theatre for a mere pittance. I wish I were a laborer. I wish that I had never been a theatre in my life."

"But you have talent, George. I believe you will make a hit some day. Perhaps, when you least expect it, you will 'catch the front,' and get a chance to play a part of which you can make something. What is the play for next week?"

"A new four-act comedy by an unknown author; but it possesses real merit, and if the writer could have had it brought out at a first-class house I am sure it would have been a success."

"What are you cast for?"

"Oh, only a character bit that amounts to very little."

"It's too discouraging. Why don't they give you a chance?"

"Why? That's the question. Oh, well, there's no use of mourning over what can't be helped. I must be off to rehearsal—it's called for half-past ten. If the grocer calls, you must put him off."

The speaker buttoned his shabby overcoat and left the room.

The conversation recorded above occurred in a poorly-furnished room in a tenement-house in New York. The speakers were George Dibbs and his wife, Mary. George was a character in his way. Honest and temperate, kind-hearted to a fault, he would share his last dollar with a friend; but he was easily duped by any pitiful story, and his very kindness had often given him much. Like many other persons of a similar character, he imagined he was extremely sharp, and he was wont to say that "it took a smart one to get ahead of George Dibbs, sir." He was a small man, rather portly, but well built, and good nature beamed in every glance of his frank blue eyes, and was written upon every lineament of his round, rosy face. As he had said, luck had always seemed against him, and he had never risen in the profession. Years ago, when he first began his career, everyone thought he would make a brilliant actor, but he had disappointed all his friends by his want of success. Then he married a poor girl, and since that time he had found it hard work to support his family, for several children had blessed the poor actor's home.

When he reached the theatre, rehearsal was in progress. The cheap clock in his room had deceived him by being half an hour too slow, and he was just thirty minutes late.

Late again, Mr. Dibbs. You are fined one dollar," said Jim Barker, the stage-manager, severely.

A flush came upon Little Dibbs' face, and an angry retort trembled upon his lips; but he thought of the dear ones at home, who were dependent upon his salary for bread, and choked back the words he would otherwise have uttered. The one dollar taken from his salary was more to him than ten would have been to another.

"Never mind the old crank," whispered pretty little Sallie Primrose, the pert singing chambermaid of the company, who noticed Dibbs struggle with himself, and pitied him. "He is too mean for anything."

"Maybe he thinks he's only doing his duty; but it's hard lines for a poor devil with as many mouths to feed as I have," answered Dibbs mildly.

"Second act! Everybody up!" called the prompter.

D bbs was one of the characters in this act, and he took his place at the L. U. E., ready to make his entrance at the proper cue. This was the third rehearsal, and everybody was expected to be perfect.

Little Dibbs knew every line of his few lengths perfectly; but somehow his thoughts seemed to be upon something else—his financial difficulties, perhaps—and he stumbled over his lines and confused them terribly. This called forth a severe reprimand from the stage-manager.

"Mr. Dibbs," he said, "if you do not intend to learn your lines, I shall be obliged to engage someone else to play your part. I have put up with your negligence about as long as I can."

"I did know every word perfectly; but somehow the speeches got away from me to-day. I've had a good deal of trouble lately, Mr. Barker, and I can't seem to keep my mind upon my work as well as I ought."

"Well, you have little enough to say. It ought not to trouble your mind much."

The rehearsal went on. The four acts were gone through at last, and the company was dismissed. As little Dibbs left the theatre, Sallie Primrose tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Don't look so blue; cheer up, old man. I'm going to get oysters. Come and have some with me."

"Thank you, Sallie, but I haven't time."

"Yes, you have, and you must come along," and the impetuous Sallie took his arm and marched him into a restaurant near at hand.

When they were seated at a table by themselves, she said:

"Now, Dibbs, you know I am not in the second act, in which you have quite a little to do, and—well, I watched the whole act, and, whether anybody else has discovered it or not, you can make a great deal of that part of yours if you get the right conception of it. In the first place, you want a make-up that is irresistibly comical, so that you will get a laugh the moment you strike the stage. Then you must do so-and-so," and Sallie went on at great length to give Dibbs her idea of the part, which was quite correct.

"By Jupiter, Sallie! there is more in it than I thought. I'll take your advice, and play it just as you say," said Dibbs earnestly.

"Well, if you do, it will make the part so great, and it will astonish Barker; and, what's of more value, you will catch the front just as sure as you live," answered Sallie confidently.

After this encouraging conversation, Little Dibbs went home in a quite hopeful frame of mind.

It was the week before Christmas, and the new four-act comedy was to be produced for the first time during Christmas-week.

When Dibbs reached home he found his wife in tears. The landlord had just left the house, and he had threatened to turn the poor actor's family into the street if the rent was not paid on the morrow. The grocer also had called, and demanded the payment of his bill at once. There was not a cent in the house, and the actor's salary for the last week, which he would receive on the morrow, would all be required to procure food and fuel, and medicine for his sick child. There was nothing with which he could possibly pay the rent or the grocer's bill. The prospect was very dark, and the actor's wife had given way at last. Despair had seized upon her, for her sick child was growing worse, and the mother feared the death-angel had marked the baby for his own. Dibbs strove to console his wife as best he could, but with ill-success; for in his heart he had no faith in what he said, and it is very difficult to impress another with what one does not believe himself.

The following day was the last rehearsal of the comedy. During the night preceding it the actor's child grew steadily worse, and when the anxious parents questioned the kind-hearted physician who attended it without thought or expectation of reward he shook his head doubtfully, his manner saying as plainly as words that he had little hope of saving the little one's life. In his grief and anxiety for his suffering loved one the actor forgot all about the rehearsal, and he was standing by the bedside of his sick child when the calboy from the theatre rushed into the room.

"Mr. Dibbs," he exclaimed, "Mr. Barker sent me after you, as you were not answering ropes. Your cue had been given before he noticed your absence, and the rehearsal cannot go on without you. Hurry up!"

"I must go, Mary," said Dick to his wife, who stood by his side; "but I will return the moment the rehearsal is over."

He kissed the pale lips of the little invalid, and hastened from the house.

Mr. Barker stormed and raged when the tardy actor appeared upon the stage, but Little Dibbs heeded him not. Mechanically, more like an automaton than a man, he went through his part. The white face of his darling child, whom he knew to be hovering within the dark regions between this world and the next, arose before his eyes, and he saw nothing else, heeded nothing else. He was rushing from the theatre, when Sallie Primrose tried to detain him for a moment's chat.

"Don't go now, Sallie. My child is dying, and I must hasten home," he said, thrusting her aside, almost rudely.

"Dying!" exclaimed Sallie in a tone of horror.

"Yes; and we are to be turned into the street by a cruel landlord, for I cannot pay the rent."

And without waiting to hear Sallie's answer, which was anything but complimentary to the landlord, Little Dibbs rushed away.

"Poor fellow," muttered Sallie; "but he shall not be turned into the street, not if I know it;" and, buttoning the last fastening of her ulster, she settled her Derby firmly upon her head with a determined look, and walked across the street and up to Union square.

Half a dozen well-known actors were seated about the reading-room of a popular professional headquarters when Sallie walked into the room. All greeted her pleasantly, and listened, deeply moved, while she told of the sorrow and want that had come upon one of their humble brethren.

"Look here, boys, let's go right up and see the poor fellow's babies—Little George Dibbs. Seems to me I know the name. Didn't he play with us in Boston six or eight years ago?" said one.

"Yes; he's the same party, and a better-hearted little fellow never breathed," answered another.

"Well, come on. We'll pass the hat round financially, for the time at least," said the first speaker.

Guided by the noble-hearted actress, Sallie Primrose, the party proceeded to the home of Little Dibbs. They reached it in a few moments, and as the unfortunate George Dibbs opened to the kindly words of those generous men, who were strangers personally, and saw them lay upon the table money enough to relieve his present wants, his feelings overcame him, and he cried like a baby, while his wife sobbed upon his breast, but it was for joy.

Jealous and unjust in judging one another as actors too often are, when the worst comes to the worst they will share their last penny or crust in the last crust with a brother in the profession, and no class of people are more generous at heart than they.

It was the day before Christmas, and Christmas eve was the opening night of the new play.

Little Dibbs' child remained without any apparent change in its condition, either for better or for worse, until about seven o'clock in the evening. Then there was a gradual change; but whether it boded good or evil the parents could not tell, and they despatched a messenger in hot haste for the physician. Half an hour passed, but the doctor did not come, and it was time for Dibbs to start for the theatre. He could not possibly delay longer.

"I must go," he said. "But, if there is any chance for the worse, telephone to me at the theatre, and I will come home at once."

* * * * * * *

The orchestra had finished a joyous Christmas overture, and the curtain rose upon the first act of the new play as George Dibbs reached his dressing-room at the theatre. As he was not on until the second act, he had time to dress at his leisure. Acting upon the advice of Sallie Primrose, he had hit upon a make-up which, while perfectly appropriate to the character, was simply immensely comical.

The curtain fell upon the first act of the play, which seemed to have given great satisfaction to the audience, and the calboy shouted all up for the second act. Little Dibbs emerged from his dressing-room, and stood ready to make his entrance. The curtain rose, Dibbs' cue was given, and he came shambling to the front. The moment the audience caught sight of him there was a burst of applause, followed by roars of laughter, and it was several seconds before his voice could be heard. His lines were funny, and the business he introduced suited them to perfection, and from the time he appeared until he left the stage he kept the audience in a roar of laughter. When he made his exit there was a tremendous burst of applause.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Barker, the stage-manager, who stood at the prompter's desk, "Dibbs has made a great hit. Who would have thought he had so much in him?"

"You've done it at last!" cried Sallie Primrose, who was waiting to congratulate Dibbs. "Didn't I tell you it would?" and she shook both his hands and danced about in delight.

Little George Dibbs seemed confused. He could not realize that it was he who had won all the wild applause, which still rang in his ears. He did not comprehend that he had become the hit of the piece.

Just at that moment a boy came rushing from the box-office and said to Mr. Barker:

"Telephone just came for Mr. Dibbs. It says: 'Come home—baby dying.' Signed, 'Mary.'"

"All right; I'll tell him in a moment," said Barker, and the boy ran back to the office.

"Dibbs has got to go on again in a moment, and I won't tell him until he is through with his part," muttered Barker.

So it was that Dibbs went on, and made the audience roar again with his comicalities, while at home his child lay dying. Little do the public know of the sorrow in the life; little do they dream that the man who convulses them with mirth may hide beneath his mask of comedy a breaking heart.

When Dibbs made his last exit, Barker told him of the telephone-message. The actor's heart felt sorrow the actor rushed from the theatre, heedless of the perfect storm of applause with which the front strove to call him before the curtain. Homeward he flew, as fast as it was possible to run, and breathless he burst into his room. His child yet lived. The physician and the agonized mother sat by the bedside. The actor fell upon his face, and a fervent though silent prayer went up to Heaven for the life of the suffering one. The weary hours of that long night dragged their slow length along, and morning dawned at last. Still the child lived, and in hopeful words the doctor told its parents that it might yet recover. What joy that hope brought to the parents, who had given their darling up as lost to them forever! No Christmas-gift the world could make could bring them such joy as the gift of their child's life.

It was yet early in the morning when Sallie Primrose called, and, flinging the morning papers into Little Dibbs' lap, said:

"Read, and be happy. The papers give you fits about your acting last night."

"I expect so; I knew it couldn't be possible that I had made a genuine hit," answered Dibbs mournfully.

"Why, you old goose, don't you understand? You have made a *great* hit. The papers are full of the brilliant performance of George Dibbs' creation of a part in the new comedy.'" said Sallie.

"Yes," said a pleasant voice, and Mr. Howe, the author of the new piece, entered the room; "and I wish to engage you to play the part in all the principal theatres in the United States."

"Well, I—I ——" stammered Dibbs.

"Oh, the salary shall be satisfactory. Name your own figures, and I'll advance you a hundred dollars on the spot," said Mr. Howe, mistaking the cause of Dibbs' hesitation.

At length Little Dibbs realized that Fortune's wheel had turned at last in his favor, and he engaged himself to Mr. Howe for what seemed an almost princely salary.

Better than all, the child suddenly improved, and by Christmas-night the doctor pronounced her out of danger. So A Merry Christmas came to the actor's home after all.

BEAUTIFULLY CAUGHT.—A woman was walking, and a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said: "Why dragged I follow me?" He answered: "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said: "Why are you in love with me? My sister is much handsomer than I! She is coming after me. Go and make love to her." The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman and said: "Why did you tell me a story?" The woman answered: "Neither did you tell the truth; for if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?"

"AH, MY DARLING WIFE," said George, the week after his marriage, "if your husband were to die what would you do?" "I don't know, I am sure, George," said the wife reflectively. "I never thought of that. I must look in my 'Book of Etiquette' and read the rules for young widows!"

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

BY SOPHIA P. SNOW.

Republished by Request.

'Twas the eve before Christmas. "Good-night" had been said
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven—
Instead of eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a sin—
No such person as "Santa Claus" ever had been—
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep
As he whispered: "Dear Annie, is 'ou fas' asleep?"
"Why, no, Brother Willie," a sweet voice replied—
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus.
Now, we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died."
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And maybe she asked Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we pay dust as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and Annie in a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor.
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony workstand that birth a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he:
Don't let him forget us, but early again
At dear Brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please, Deesus, et Santa Taus tum to-night,
And bing us some presents before it is light;
I want he should div me a nice little sed,
With bright shinin unners, and all painted red;
A box full of apples, and nuts, and a sing,
Amen, and den, Deesus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again:
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings have risen;
For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.:
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I distressed them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
And, just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,

For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet;
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine-tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red;"
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear:
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before—
What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas-eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripping downstairs, he retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And, at the same moment, the presents espied:
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light.
"And now," added Annie in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know,"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer;
"Den we dot up and prayed dust as well as we dood;
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf;
'Would be cruel to tell him I did it myself.").
Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hard words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

VIOLA, or THE HEART OF THE ROSE

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

"Great Heaven! She has fallen! she is killed!"

The excitement and applause was at its height. Never had theatrical audience been mere entranced by the beauty of scenery. From the first to the last it had been a succession of surprises, and now, in the closing, the transformation-scene, it was dazzling in gorgeousness and bewildering in effect.

The star of the evening was a new one. It was her first appearance in the city, though her rare gifts had been heralded by columns of almost fulsome praise. And she more than justified them. Her dancing and posing literally took the audience by storm; their tongues could find no words for the agility of Elsler, the abandon of Montez, the archness of Bonfanti, the modesty of Augusta and the combined graces and charms of all the superlative dansense the world had ever seen. At a single bound she had reached the dizzy height of popular favor, silenced and converted criticism, and established herself a reigning favorite. Every act had been a triumph, and the last and greatest was to come.

In the midst of what was well called "The Garden of Roses," a massive bush grew. Gradually it rose to a towering height, put out branch after branch, and then from the centre sprang a single stem, the stamen of which developed, and revealed as its heart the gauze-clad and jewel-decorated dansseuse. By degrees she poised herself lightly upon one foot, and extended the other at right angles to the body, and with dainty motions of her long, white arms and taper fingers tossed kisses to the admiring multitude.

Then, when the theatre was ringing as never before, there were a sudden cracking of timbers, a giving-way of supports, a shaking of the complex machinery, a wild cry of alarm, and rose-tree and peerless living blossom were hurled from the dizzy height to the stage below, and the applause was changed to exclamations of horror, to groans of agony, and through every part of the house rang the words:

"Great Heaven! She has fallen! she is killed!"

The curtain was instantly rung down, sobbing and fainting women were carried out, a panic-stricken multitude that would have pressed upon the stage driven back by the police. But the dignified manner and quiet "I am a physician" of Lee Somers would have won him an entree, even had he not been well known to the majority of those guarding the stage.

A rapid investigation of the crushed, limp mass of humanity, with face covered and dress spattered with blood, convinced him that the wounds were not, and his orders were incisive for more room and air. Then, culling from the scared, white-faced group of actresses a couple who seemed to be less under the influence of the excitement and be paralyzed by fear than the others, he directed them to wash away the blood and change the tinsel garments as far as possible.

"She must remain here," he said in his cool, authoritative way. "An ambulance must be sent for, and she conveyed home. And," in answer to eager inquiries, "I cannot yet determine how much she is injured. She is very much strained, bruised, and likely to have received internal injuries."

He was gone but a little time. Returned, he lifted the sufferer as tenderly as if she had been his own child, carried her out to the waiting conveyance, and accompanied her home. It was a quiet, modest brick house, and he had wisely sent a messenger in advance to announce the accident.

When his patient was deposited in bed and the trace of blood were removed, he had an opportunity of examining her closely, not only as to injuries, but also as to personal appearance.

Moreover, the least important of the latter's feats was sufficient to evoke a tempest of applause, while poor, scrawny, antiquated Ramard might skip, dance, hop and pirouette at the most perilous heights above the parquet without exciting any more rapture than would a performing she-goat at a country fair. Naturally, Madame Ramard was filled with hatred in proportion to her humiliation, and naturally she thirsted for revenge. She sought and found it in a manner more original than commendable.

It was the custom in this theatre for the dancers to chalk the soles of each other's slippers just before starting upon particularly hazardous feat upon the rope was to be attempted. I suppose it came about by reason of its having a gentle, sisterly and unselfish look, which was supposed to be taking with the spectators; at any rate, it was a little office that Madame Ramard and Mlle. Chlotilde had often performed for each other in public. But at last there came a night when it was to be performed for our heroine for the very last time. The theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity. The cord was stretched from the upper tier of boxes down to the back of the stage, thus forming a very steep incline over the heads of the occupants of the parquet, and down this slanting cord Chlotilde, in her principal act, was to proceed on one foot, usually her right one, until midway on the cord, when she was to perform with both feet a series of remarkable pirouettes, which had invariably been the signal for thunders of applause.

On night in question, Chlotilde appeared, balancing-pole in hand, and, looking more charming than usual, if that had been possible, at the upper extremity of this dangerous incline, and bowing and smiling in answer to the cheers that greeted her, leaned coquettishly on her pole, while holding up the sole of first one slipper and then the other, to be chalked by Madame Ramard, who stood smilingly beside her, and apparently as much delighted as the young girl's favoritism as another's wrong woman well could be. But she, nevertheless, seized the opportunity of chalking her rival's little slippers for her on the occasion under consideration in a decidedly speculative manner. On the bottom of the right foot, upon which Chlotilde was going to spring along the cord for half its length, she rubbed a goodly supply of common chalk, as was right and proper; but on the sole of the left foot, that was next to touch the cord until midway in the perilous passage, she rubbed an equal supply of tailor's chalk, such as a shoemaker sprinkles into the heel of a tight boot in order to make it go on easily. Then, having accomplished this treachery, she smiled lovingly and kissed her hand to her young companion, as was her custom, and the unsuspecting Chlotilde, with her balancing-pole stretched across her enchanting figure, began to trip out on her right foot with the grace and agility of a belted cruel of the hills, and did a low bow in murmur of approbation from below and around. The result may be imagined. No sooner did Chlotilde essay to support herself on her other foot than it flew from under her with the ice. And the new bow and balancing-pole, and, turning a complete somersault under the cord, down she plunged, with a piercing shriek, from the dizzy height upon the heads of the horrified spectators in the parquet; while La Ramard, safe and sound, in the midst of triumph over the success of her fiendish stratagem, burst into discordant laughter, and screamed at the top of her lungs:

"So much for your little Chlotilde! Mine was the deed! Did the idiots! know that La Ramard admits of no rival in your fickle esteem!"

But she failed most miserably in her nefarious object, after all.

Chlotilde's pole balancing-pole, it is true, broke the heads of three or four luckless violinists in the orchestra; but the entire parquet—that is, the masculine portion of it—rose *en masse*, with upraised hands and arms, to save the falling actress from injury, and, as a result, the dancer was not without a less a personage than the Duke of Nemours, the celebrated rone and duelist of that day. Chlotilde fell with great force, but without receiving any injury whatever, though of course terribly frightened.

Madame Ramard managed to escape from the theatre, but only just in time to save herself from being torn in pieces by the infuriated spectators, and the performance of the evening came to an abrupt termination. She can dispose of La Ramard in a few words by saying that her engagement was broken off at once, and that, unable to effect another, she died in great poverty and deserved ignominy in the suburb of Glichy about two years afterwards.

As for Chlotilde, the treachery on the part of her rival proved the turning-point in her theretofore humble fortunes. She woke from the swoon into which she had fallen to find herself in her own dressing-room of the theatre, whither her preserver had borne her, and with the Duke still bending over her as she recalled her scattered senses. He made an imperious sign, which caused the withdrawal of all onlookers, with the single exception of Chlotilde's reputed brother, Achille De Limousin, who was standing, pale and anxious, on the other side of the fauteuil in which she was reclining, and fanned her head.

"Poor, lovely child!" he murmured; "the physician has been here, and says that you are uninjured, save for the nervous shock you have sustained. But you are too beautiful, too divine, for this world, and the pinnacle of angelic grace and form of yours is fitted to grace a higher art than that of pirouetting on the tightened cord. Would you like to be a dancer of the Opera?"

"It has long been the dearest wish of my heart, monsieur!" answered Chlotilde timidly. "But, alas! I have no instruction."

"I will attend to that. I am the Duke of Nemours. Let me see you to your home at once. You shall have a carriage, and a regular course of instruction under my special protection; only mind—there is to be no other protector than I! In three months you shall be the idol of the ballet. In the meantime ——"

"Oh, monsieur! Such an obligation?"

He smiled significantly, and his eyes sparkled as he pressed her small hands, and, leaning over her, whispered in her ear. The blood mounted in the young girl's face. For a moment she drew away her hands and put them over her face. When she withdrew them again she was still blushing, but not so much as before, and she was no longer discomposed.

"And the brother—my poor Achille, monsieur," she murmured—"what is to become of him?"

"He has been telling me the simple family history that belongs to you both, and he shall be provided for," said the Duke of Nemours. "He shall continue to reside with you, and I will procure him employment in the Government offices. As for you, my Chlotilde, you are destined to be the queen-dancer of the opera, and to make me the happiest man in France. Come; my coach is at the door."

And so he carried her away; and in the course of time Chlotilde De Limousin became the queen of the ballet, the popular idol, and the mistress of the Folly of Chlotilde, which the Duke of Nemours built expressly for her.

She should have been very happy at this time, if the possession of almost every earthly luxury and actually set up a ghastly *pas de seul* on the terand constant adulation of the world is capable of conferring happiness. The theatre-going public fairly worshiped her; she had a fairy palace, with horses and carriages and a swarm of servants at her command; she became the star of the circle in which she moved, and her receptions were more in vogue than those of any other actress; her dresses were multifarious, and her diamonds superb; she had her beloved brother with her almost constantly, and, lastly, but not least, her protector, though no longer young, was kind, generous and indulgent to a fault.

But there is no cup of delight so full that a drop of gall may not slip into it unawares; and that of Chlotilde the dancer was not without its bitterness. Chancing to seek her out unexpectedly one afternoon, the Duke came upon her in a little Summer-house of the garden attached to the Folly, when, unperceived by her, he discovered her in Achille's company under circumstances that at once dissipated every idea that had theretofore existed in his mind concerning the species of relationship that actually existed between the two. Without discovering his presence, he stole away, and then had Chlotilde summoned to the house on some pretext. Then, bidding his valet procure two swords and accompany him, he set out in search of the *pseudo* Achille De Limousin, whom he presently found on the marble terrace overlooking the Seine. The young man proved to be no coward, notwithstanding the Duke's reputation as one of the best swordsmen in France, and he did not shrink from the quarrel that he saw was to be forced upon him.

When the Duke of Nemours made a sign which was understood by his valet, who at once ran up to the house to acquaint Mlle. Chlotilde with what was going on. In a few minutes she came rushing down the terrace like a spectre, but only reached it in time to see her lover's lifeless, prostrate form, with the life-blood welling out over the marble in a ruddy stream, and with the Duke of Nemours coolly drawing the stained rapier from his body through a cambric handkerchief, as he insultingly gazed upon her agony from the opposite side of the corpse.

"So, Mademoiselle Chlotilde," he cried mockingly, "you would advance still higher in the profession, would you? You would be actress as well as dancer, and that is the reason you have been rehearsing the role of Manon Lescaut for the past two years, with me as your dupe. Well, here I return your lover to you—or you may continue to call him *brother*, if you will. It is immaterial now!"

Chlotilde stood looking at him for a moment, as if petrified with horror. Then she burst into a wild, crazy laugh, such as made even Nemours shudder, and, thrust aside by overpowering anguish, reason temporarily forsook its throne.

"An actress say you, monsieur?" she cried in a strange, vacant voice. "Oh, no! I am a dancer—a danc

, pale-looking stranger hastily the seat, and literally run with hile we followed more slowly. he porch it was to meet papa n a very short time he returned But this doctor was the wrong had come to us at the garden- words that brought dear Cousin nd in the course of a few months

rts was reinstated in the Gov- om which he fell—in a higher ave him the confidence of the hile the man through whose ank had suffered, a year and a nfessing that he had been the

days when the roses were com- y into Cousin Kate's cheek, and was down at the old place every ill Monday, used to be sent to n as girls. I can hardly believe ve glided by since then, but so y we call dear, old, gray-whisk- Prince."

HN JONAH.

T THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, Y BART SMITH.

specimen of humanity at best, im he was very decidedly at his heels and crushed, literally and He was a sort of hanger-on at a by the scum of the city, and, ppearance when first brought to nah would never have been ac- been an actor." The landlord, ntance, pointed him out to us, John's tale of his experience bject for our pencil. We immedi- o draw him out, and, with the e-looseners in the shape of vile his story, which we will try to ords:

es, it is a rather bad title to sail say? Sink, rather, for it's been many seasons since I held my

into the business? Well, you u might call pushed into it. I when a show-party came along I had been working at carpen- rk and lumber ran out, and so my oars, as it were, with my lothes. I had worked with the one of the theatres in New York, by-the-way, and I always had a become one of the 'profesh,' but a chance at a 'super,' for all of 'chisel' going on for a shout Well, as I was saying, I was in worldly 'equivalents' when party struck the bury. They had business, but two of them had ow down with the chills and er came to me, asked me how em to play small parts, and I it was a Godsend to me, I then since found out how wofully I ll, I went on; they did nothing; wo weeks it was a grand strug- st; but they finally had to suc- able, and I landed in New ctor, but broke. The comedian ully accused me of being the and I was dubbed John Jonah. en inclined to be inoffensive, resent even an insult, I let it go, ven me in sport, has remained hose John Jonah will be in- bstone when the city plants me, ed another snap, and when we stand we found the theatre a of ashes, it having burned z we started. I got it pretty anager of the snap, who, being blamed me as the cause of his went back to the city and the tened on me as though it were rehead. I was taken as a last many more snaps—snaps weak strange to say, everyone of and I was thought by all, by ent, someone was sure to meet e and reputation, and then up my tent and seek new fields. company was formed, the blamed rn the first night before the au- uld get no more work in the pro- I went back to my trade, if busi- rever I worked I would get the cause I was the originator of me and fame of my being a Jonah inds of even those who pooh- n. Well, I got disgusted finally, t to worse, and here I am wait- w and then, and if the good true will set on my body and an 'extinct crater.'

it is my life now, and I only am above my chips? but it wasn't o one will ever pass away search after the golden bubble. pray you will never be a Jonah, k to run across another one."

N SHOW NEWS.

RAMATIC.

r's musical adviser having pre- hs' rest, we till not see Dion in xt Spring. He had made ar- Dec. 4. He thinks the English ice, if not unkindness, towards d thereupre proposes to confine America.

TLEY, after a long absence from sequence of indisposition, has appear at Drury-lane Theatre,

YLLYAMS died in England Nov. Her younger sister, Miss Maud iously ill with typhoid-fever. NS, scenic-artist and property- ingham, Eng., Nov. 10.

R has appeared at the Surrey in the revived drama of "The The welcome he received was ded a very favorable impression, proved a failure at the Adelphi nd on Nov. 29 it was superseded shes," to fill up the interval be- of the Parisian success "Mickel

CHERRY, who for more than histress of the wardrobe of the e, London, died Nov. 28, at the

. PRITCHARD, comedienne of the late Edmund Falconer's y, was on Nov. 23 married to naker, at Liverpool, Eng.

J. FLORENCE and wife opened their e Gaiety Theatre, London, Nov. ain in London till Christmas, o Rome and Southern Italy, re- d in March, to appear in a new

D, one of the directors of the Paris, was on Nov. 30 married n.

younger brother of M. Mounet the medical profession and preste in "Andromaque" at the is.

upil of M. Delaunay, made his Francais, Paris, Nov. 27.

ER'S has assumed the reins of s to start a traveling company e. 27.

's tour by Sweden was highly s to play in Hanover, Leipsic, cities in Germany previous to nter-palace in Rome.

USICAL.

, built by Signor Costanzi, Nationale, Rome, Italy, was th "Semaramide." The hold- e auditorium is stated to be measures 23 metres in width the pit 22½ metres in width here are 108 boxes, divided above a gallery with seats, ac- persons, rising, like those of an row above another. The di- boxes finish with elegant col- ee feet from the front, so that pearance of a dress-circle. has just taken place before the rsbourg, but there was equally ndeavored to recover posses- sic-seller of an opera entitled the Wedding"), which he had enth. The opera, which was s dedicated to the Harmonic rg, but was never performed. tly into the possession of the iety and was sold among his . The result of the sill has r Wagner, who has had also to trial.

poser who on the death of essor of Musical Composition , Paris, died recently, aged 75, o, musician, was found dead n, Eng., Nov. 20.

IETY HALLS.

RS VAIDIS appear nightly at and Winter Palace, London. ainment entitled "Trapezone emselves with the patrons. others Jee, and Standill and one-legged high-kickers," are ndon music-halls.

IRCUSES.

estrian, died Nov. 29, of con- Wales.

ELLANEOUS.

while crossing the Ebro at ll on the rocks, injuring her-

ia Zarate and General Mite sensation in London, where n at Piccadilly Hall.

Y."—One of the most amusing holiday season is the diary, ad boy. From beginning to ever flags, the mischief and by the lad continuing right author is possessed of a fund rer could have got so much s head." We have not read rtaining since the days when acquainted with "Helen's culiarities. The price of the nd the publishers are J. S. street, New York. Go for it. id fun.

Michigan Centre sailed his at-house on Laycock Lake to last shore of School Section a distance of four miles, in minutes, Dec. 5.

CLUB of San Francisco, Cal., he following officers: Chief, chieftain, John F. Kennedy; gh Fraser; third chieftain, chieftain, Alexander McLea; d McMillan; trustees, Donald ald and Angus McLeod.

AQUATIC.

THE ROSS-TRICKETT MATCH.

English sporting-papers received in the latest mail contain full particulars of the two contests on the Thames, Eng., between Wallace Ross and Edward Trickett. The first attempt at deciding the match was made Nov. 29, the course being from the Aqueduct at Putney to the University posts above the Ship Hotel at Mortlake, a distance of about 4 miles 580yds. straightaway. Ross led until Hammersmith Bridge had been passed, when a foul occurred, which was claimed by Ross, who was outrowed and beaten by three or four lengths. Ross' appeal for the race on account of the foul was denied, and the men were ordered to row over again on Dec. 4. The justice of this decision is generally either denied or questioned by the sporting-papers, and it is difficult to perceive any sufficient grounds, under the laws governing such matters, for upholding it. The editor of *The Referee* describes the foul and comments on the decision as follows:

"There is not overmuch room for two scullers to pass abreast under the Surrey arch of the suspension-bridge when the water is at its highest, and as the steamers ran under the middle arch everybody (but the umpire) was looking anxiously for the foul which to the merest tyro now appeared imminent. Surely enough, it occurred about fifty yards further, Ross being at the time close in shore. Both men were, in fact, within the limits of a straight line drawn parallel with the shore from the river-end of the arch through which they had passed, and so it was impossible for Ross to avoid the foul, let him try his little utmost. He at once stopped and put up his hand to claim the race, and Trickett, having struck him on the stern-post for the second time, followed his example. As if anxious to add his contribution to a list of extraordinary performances, the umpire, on being appealed to by Ross, stated that he did not see the foul, yet he declared the race null because of it. This is a verdict which would have done credit to the genius of Mr. Bitten senior. In the first place, Ross was as distinctly in his own water as it is possible for a man to be, and there was no excuse whatever for Trickett boring him in shore immediately after passing Hammersmith. Had the collision occurred while both were passing under the narrow part of the bridge, almost side by side, the necessities of the position would have rendered the foul nugatory as a means to the end of deciding who took the money. But there was not the slightest necessity for Trickett's keeping close to the bank when the whole breadth of the river was open to him, and when his foe had no option but to obstruct the passage or go ashore. On the other hand, if in the opinion of the umpire neither man was to blame for the touch, why was not the race decided first past the post, thus giving the undoubtedly better man the advantage to which his abilities entitled him? Mr. Ireland appears to have been in a cleft stick. He knew that, according to the strict letter of the law, Ross was entitled to the money; but then came in the horror which any umpire when right-minded to sensitiveness has of giving the prize away upon a quibble, and to the detriment of the really superior sculler. So he compromised the matter, and ordered the men to row again on Saturday. There are many among those fully competent to hold the position of umpire who would have given the award to Ross when he was fouled by Laycock. Ninety-nine out of every hundred umpires would have disqualified Trickett for what can only be regarded as a deliberate and unnecessary foul on Monday."

A CHANGE IN THE AGREEMENT.

After the unsatisfactory meeting on Nov. 29, Trickett, accompanied by his friend Laycock, departed from London for a short stay at Eastbourne and Hastings, whilst Ross continued his practice on the Thames. It appears that on Nov. 30 Trickett's friends suggested that on the second occasion the men should agree to row through the second arch of Hammersmith Bridge, the one to the left being left optional. Ross consented to this arrangement, and on Dec. 3 a meeting was held at "The Bells," Putney, at which were present W. J. Innes (Ross' backer), E. Trickett, Wallace Ross, R. C. Laycock, Harry Kelley and J. H. Riley. After discussing the matter, without any one of the six suggesting that by making the proposed change in the articles bets previously made would be rendered null and void, the following document was drawn up and signed:

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to make the following alteration in the terms of our articles of agreement: Each man to go through the middle arch of Hammersmith Bridge, instead of being allowed the option of selecting his course. All other conditions of the race to remain as on former articles. EDWARD TRICKETT,

Witness, HARRY KELLEY. WALLACE ROSS.

The Rowing Almanac, by "Argonaut," published annually for many years in England, and which has come to be looked upon as an authority in the matters whereof it treats, contains rules for betting on boat-racing, No. 9 of which reads as follows: "If a match or race be made for any particular day in any week, and the day is changed to any other in the same week, all bets made for the day is changed, or the race postponed to any day in a different week, or if the slightest difference is made in the terms of the engagement, all bets made before the alteration are void." Neither principal, however, appears to have been previously aware of the effect the signing of this document would have on wagers, and when informed of it both expressed surprise. Trickett, whose backers, judged by the result of the race on Monday, would likely prove the principal sufferers by the alteration, having duly considered the matter, and consulted with his backers, on the morning of the 4th declined to be bound by the additional clause, saying that his signature thereto had been obtained by misrepresentation. After a good deal of altercation, the "codicil" was canceled, and affairs remained the same as they were before foolish interference led to the squabble over postponed wagers. Although outwardly all bets are on again, fresh trouble was occasioned by many of them having been, as it appeared the first thing that morning, of necessity declared off. Those who backed Ross and then annulled their transactions were, after the deciding contest, very angry that they should have been led astray. The first Trickettites who happened to save their money were proportionately rejoiced, though they at first grumbled considerably. The whole business was a muddle growing out of unwarrantable meedlesomeness, and it is to be hoped that the lesson will be taken to heart in the necessary quarter.

AT HALF-PAST TWO THE SECOND RACE.

At half-past two Trickett was seen making his way to the Aqueduct, and a couple of minutes later Ross followed him. Betting ranged between 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Trickett, who looked, as usual, pale, and thoughtful, but otherwise strong and hardy. He rowed barebacked and bareheaded, but Ross, though he discarded the cap in which he came out, retained a sleeveless jersey. Ross had abandoned both the boat and the Thames sculls with which he fared so badly on Monday. The former was a new Swaddle, unnamed. This time Ross rowed in the Marquis of Lorne, a Canadian boat used by him in the international regatta, and he used a pair of sculls lent him by Peter Kemp. They are of the same width as the others (seven-inch), but of the usual pattern. It must not be forgotten, when reckoning the comparative values of the sculls used, that Ross was a very different man then from what he was on Monday. Rest, careful feeding, and the judicious attention of his backer gave him between four and five pounds more weight (he scaled 174½lb.) and it is difficult to say how much more strength and staying power. The men did not lose again for stations. Ross took the Surrey side, as before; they were shown up by the same coaches, and by a quarter to three were at their stakeboats ready to begin. Trickett had refused consent to a proposition that the umpire should start them, and the old worry and trouble of mutual consent had to be gone through. Twice Trickett started alone, once nearly catching a crab; then the pair both got off, Ross with a decided advantage, and, singularly enough, they returned to their stations. Next time they were more fortunate, and at thirteen minutes to three the race got its beginning. Though the start was even, and Ross rowed the slower stroke—thirty-two to Trickett's thirty-four—he began to show in front at once, and before the boat-houses were reached was clear. Trickett made a desperate effort to hold his opponent, but Ross continued to go further and further away at every stroke, and, at a quarter of a mile had a good clear length to his credit. This at the Creek—time, 1m. 45s.—he had increased by another half length, and, still rowing very steadily, while Trickett began even thus early to get short and scratchy, he was nearer three lengths than two when passed by Craven Steps; time, 3m. 16s. Spenser took Ross a good course across, and kept him wide of the Surrey shore, giving him what benefit was still left of the tide. Of this there was not overmuch, but there was equally small to help Trickett, so Ross got whatever advantage was forthcoming without any unnecessary exposure. Still it seemed to many as if Trickett was beginning to hold Ross. So, indeed, he was, but, as was soon shown, only in sufferance. Just before reaching the mile-post (full distance, as the start was made from Aquequiet)—time, 5m. 15s.—Ross had the breather he had been unable to get in his two previous races, and, though Trickett came up a trifle between here and Grab Tree—5m. 58s.—Ross shook him off easily, commencing the curve at Soap Works. The time to the middle of this landmark, which was especially savory that day, was 7m. 44s., and here Trickett was the same three lengths to the bad which had separated them before they commenced to cross over. Approaching Hammersmith Bridge, Ross steered out into midstream, as though to take his course through the big span; but suddenly Spencer waved him back again, and he drew inshore and went under the Surry arch. There was little enough fear of a collision this time as Ross passed under, cheered loudly by the people who were running along the tow-path, between four and five lengths in front of Trickett, who was in anything but a condition to row down anybody who was well in front and who could only keep moving. As Ross led under the bridge, the watch showed 9m. 23s., and as Trickett was a good 7sec. behind him, Ross, finding he had plenty in hand, took another slight rest, and then, having felt Trickett's approach, dashed away again. At the foot of Evot—depth, 12m. 45s.—now withstanding that Ross had been going wide round the bend, and Trickett had made a last despairing effort, Ross' lead was half a dozen lengths clear, and he showed no symptoms of collapsing as the old church was neared. So far from this he had markedly improved his position, and 12sec. separated him from his follower. Time to the church: Ross, 14m. 35s.; Trickett, 14m. 47s. After this Trickett was allowed to come up again, but only a trifle. Corney Reach was crowded with small boats, and going up towards the Bathing-place a sculler rowed right across Ross' bows and "washed" him carefully, 10sec. divided the two; by the Ship, opposite which a flag-staff had been erected, in 23m. 42s., Trickett finishing just 11sec. behind him. After the first minute Ross' stroke was diminished to thirty, and directly afterwards to twenty-eight, at which rate he continued, with the exception of when he had a blow or was looking round, till he reached the winning-post. Trickett ploughed along at the same stroke throughout. He was timed to be doing thirty-six at various points during the race, but after the first mile and a half he was as weak, snatchy and demoralized as in the race with Hanlan.

THE METROPOLITAN ROWING CLUB of this city have elected the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing year: President, C. F. Naething; vice-president, J. M. O'Connell; treasurer, H. J. Mahr; recording secretary, P. E. Schrenkeisen; corresponding secretary, W. L. Mitchell; captain, P. E. Nagle; lieutenant, P. McManus. Trustees—Fred. Levien, J. Pilkington, E. R. Welch, A. E. Naething and Geo. Gaisel.

DENNIS A. DRISCOLL, Pedestrian,

was born at Croydon, England, Nov. 21, 1857, of Irish parents, and was brought to this country when one year old. His height is 5ft. 6¾in.; weight in condition, 135lb.; chest measurement, 38in.; thigh, 20in.; calf, 13½in. His first appearance in a walking contest was with "Bart" Chase on Thanksgiving-day, 1878, at Lynn, Mass., for $25 a side, five miles, Driscoll winning in 56m. 10s. At Oddfellows' Hall, Lynn, Feb. 15, 1879, beat Jas. Carroll, Dan Hayden and three others in a five-mile race for a medal; time, 45m. 38s. On Feb. 22, at same place, beat J. Bolger, Jas. Carroll and others for a purse of $20, going six miles in 56m. 58s. March 29, beat John D. Wayne, ten miles, $100 a side and gate-money, at Thompson's Opera-house, Lynn; time, 1h. 35m. 10s. April 2, beat Wayne, Chase and others, ten miles, in 1h. 37m., purse $15, at Market Hall, Lynn. April 3, beat Wm. Snow, Dan Hayden and seven others, fifteen miles, in 2h. 33m. 3s., at Market Hall, Lynn. April 5, same place, with John Wayne beat C. P. Daniels, ten miles handicap race, receiving 10 seconds start from Holske, beaten in 40m. 58s. by 33sec. Jan. 26, Brown-street Rink, Salem, 15 miles, beaten by Holske and G. Hosmer. Feb. 9, five-mile handicap, Salem Rink, Salem, beaten by Holske, who conceded twelve seconds. Feb. 14, Salem, 25 miles, purse $50, beat C. P. Daniels, who stopped at 20 miles. Feb. 18, Lynn, 15 miles, beat Pollock and Daniels; time, 1h. 18m. Feb. 21, Alston Rink, Lynn, beat Pollock for $50, beat Daniels and J. Collins; reported time, 3h. 50m. 44s. Feb. 28, defeated twelve starters in a 10-mile race at East Boston; time, 1h. 27m. March 1, Salem, 15 miles, beat Holske, Gaudy, Meagher and others. Holske stopping at 4¼ miles; time, 2h. 11m. March 8, Market Hall, Lynn, 25 miles, won first prize, $40, beating Holske, Oddy, Meagher, J. Haydock, Collins and others. March 13, same place, beat Holske 15 miles, Pollock 10 miles, Haydock 11¾ miles and Driscoll at 12, timed in 1h. 39min. March 17, Salem, 50 miles, purse $80, beat Oddy. Since then Driscoll has not often appeared in public. An attempt made early in the past season to arrange a match with Jack Haydock, to be between him and Holske failed of success, and Driscoll was engaged to give exhibitions during a series of tournaments which Capt. Halleck proposed holding. This speculation did not prove successful, however, and the captain abandoned the project. On Aug. 7 Driscoll was a competitor in the 50-mile walk at Haverly and Engelhardt's tournament, Providence, R. I., but he quit after going seventeen miles, when he was 5min. 15s. behind Holske, who proved the winner. On Sept. 16, at Lynn, Driscoll defeated T. H. Armstrong in a 15-mile walk, the latter stopping before he had reached ten miles, and Driscoll being allowed to leave the course, which he did, done in 1h. 33m. 22s. At this time Driscoll was matched with Hugh Keiren to walk five miles, for a good stake. They met at the Manhattan A. C. grounds, New York City, Sept. 28; but Keiren was disqualified after covering a half-mile in queer fashion, and after doing a mile Driscoll got the verdict. For nearly all his engagements of importance Driscoll has been trained by James Robinson, who entertains a high opinion of Driscoll's "Derby" ability. A challenge has been issued by Holske to Driscoll, and a match is likely to result.

BASEBALL.

THE GOVERNMENT OF BASEBALL CLUBS.

There are now two classes of the baseball fraternity in existence, and they are the amateur and the professional. In days gone by, when baseball was a novelty in sections of the country where now it is an established sport—at which time this city was the very centre and home of the game—but one class of ball-players existed, and this was the amateur. It was then possible for the existence of a National Baseball Association which would govern the entire fraternity of the country. As the game rapidly extended itself in popularity, however, and especially when the professional class sprang into existence, the power of legislative control, previously possessed by the existing National Association of twenty years ago, began gradually but surely to lessen, until the extended sphere of operations became so great as to preclude the possibility of a really representative Association on the basis of a system of national legislation. Then it was that the experiment of State associations was tried, these sending representatives to the National organization. But this was found to be not only too cumbersome for a practical working of the machinery to advantage, but it was found also to be open to grave objections from the facility it gave to sectional control. After the existence of the old amateur Association died out, and in its place the Professional National Association sprang into existence as an organization designed to legislate specially in the interests of that class, and an Amateur National Association was established the same year to provide a code of laws applicable to that class alone. As events progressed, it was found that the new organization which led to the disbandment of the old National Association as a national organization, designed to govern the amateur class as of old, interfered to prevent the practical working of the new Amateur Association. In other words, the new organization failed to be representative in its character, from the very reason which must always prevail, and that is, the impossibility of amateur clubs of all parts of the United States ever being represented by delegates in an annual convention. Result was that in 1872 the new Amateur Association held its second and last convention. Spasmodic efforts were afterwards made to revive it by parties having personal interests to serve; but the impossibility of giving the new organization permanent foundation led to the ultimate abandonment of even these efforts; and since then, up to 1879, the amateurs have had to depend entirely upon professional association legislation for all laws governing their game. When the impossibility of any National Amateur Association securing a permanent existence became apparent, we suggested to the members of the existing college clubs of Harvard and Yale, years ago, that they take upon themselves the duties of legislating for the amateur class. Then, as now, the college-club players were the leaders of the amateur class alike in the field as in the legislative hall. It was, and still is possible for the leading college club of the entire country to be represented in annual convention, and they are undoubtedly in the position to legislate with more educated intelligence and practical ability in establishing a regular code of playing rules applicable to all legitimate amateur clubs than was possible under the old condition of affairs. Our suggestion to the college clubs to organize a National College Association was not adopted until 1879, and then it only partially covered the ground laid down for a thoroughly representative organization. Moreover, instead of doing that which we fully expected to see done at their hands, viz., the preparation of a strictly amateur code of playing rules, they took advantage of the work done by the professional legislators in preparing their playing rules of the game, and thereby put in force a code incomplete, inappropriate, and in many cases inapplicable to the use of amateurs. There is, or should be, a radical difference between the methods adopted in drafting a playing code of rules by the Professional Association and the College Association. The professional clubs send delegates to their conventions whose object it is to legislate solely in the interests of the club they represent, or to subserve the tastes of the patrons of the game they especially cater for. The college clubs, on the other hand, send delegates to their conventions with the sole object in view of promoting the best interests of the national game at large, and of providing a code of playing rules which will each year have the effect of bringing the game nearer and nearer the point of perfection. How can this desirable object be attained by the adoption of rules designed entirely to serve the interests of the professional class? To do what the College Association have done this year in adopting the League playing rules is simply to confess their inability, as baseball legislators, to cope with the subject with sufficient intelligence to rival or excel the work of those of the professional association. This is a practical admission of mental inferiority not creditable to the representatives of Harvard and Yale, not to mention the younger collegiate institutions. The League has done its duty well in the matter of special legislation for its class, and under its improved code of general laws governing the class of professional clubs it represents there is but little, if any, room now left for the establishment of any rival professional association. There was a time when the National Association of Professional Players might have obtained a permanent foothold as an organization designed to legislate, not for a class of the professional clubs, but for every professional club in the country. But that time has gone by. Mutual distrust of one another and discreditable rivalries were obstacles which led to a loss of golden opportunities for an effective organization. Sectional Leagues in opposition to the existing National League, too, may now be said to be out of place from similiar causes. With the extended influence given to League Alliance clubs, an opening has been given to every professional club in the country to secure the same protection for their players as that now given to the League, insuring honest play, that attaches to the regular championship contestants in the League arena. Under these circumstances the National League—now more national in its operations than ever before—can be left to legislate entirely for the professional class of the fraternity in the future. What we now want to see is the College Association take up the work of preparing a special code of playing rules which shall govern the amateur class in the country, and not have such clubs playing under the loose code of rules they are now obliged to do.

PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR BALL-PLAYERS.

An erroneous impression prevails in baseball circles among the professional fraternity and college-club players in regard to the importance of gymnastic exercises in training for field-work. One result of this is, that professional players in the early part of each season are rushed through a course of muscular training in gymnasiums, which is as unsuited to the demands of baseball as it well could be. It is now well known that an athlete desirous of excelling in any special sport or game must be trained only to the extent to suit the requirements of the sport he desires to become an expert in. To train young men in a gymnasium alike for rowing, running or for field work in baseball, cricket or lacrosse, putting them through the same routine of exercises, is simply to unnecessarily overwork them for one particular sport, and to give them insufficient exercise for another. To do this is to commit as great a mistake as men of sedentary habits do in going into a gymnasium and doing the severe work of class-training when they only need a moderate degree of light, recreative exercise. Of course, to a certain extent all kinds of gymnastic exercises, if moderately engaged in, tend to develop a healthful physique, if gone through with under the rules of an intelligent system; but the indiscriminate way in which baseball-players enter a gymnasium and go through with what they call their training is ofttimes worse than useless work in preparing them to sustain the fatigue incident to their game. What is necessary for a baseball player in gymnastic exercise is to take only that exercise which makes him agile and quick of movement, and which trains him eye to judge the ball, or the arms and chest to wield the bat, or the legs to run the bases. Lifting heavy weights, or excercise which is calculated to develop strength, for such purposes as baseball playing clubs is carried to excess; jumping is unnecessary; work on the parallel bars, the trapeze, etc., is needless. In fact, a ball-player can find far better training for quick movements, gaining keen sightedness and correct judgment of distance, in a game of lawn-tennis than is possible in a gymnasium. Exercise in short-distance running is good, and all exercises which tend to strengthen the muscles of the ankles—such as skating, for instance—helps to train a ball-player. But what is especially required in the system of training for professional ball-players is that very activity which the Winter sport of handball yields. This game strengthens the hands, trains the sight, and especially gives a player endurance in the very fatigue he has to undergo on the ball-field. A skillful handball-player, when he becomes accustomed to baseball field-work, will always excel in picking up hard-hit ground balls.

ATHLETIC vs. KNICKERBOCKER.

The above-named clubs contended at the Recreation Ground, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 28, for the benefit of Wm. Sweeney, one of the popular professional players of that city. He is a graduate of the Athletics of Philadelphia, but has been playing professionally in San Francisco the last two years. A severe illness, occasioned by congestion of the lungs, recently compelled his retirement from the diamond, and the benefit arrangement to be permanent. The cold weather prevented a large attendance, and also materially interfered with the fielding. Meegan, a young amateur, who pitched for the Nationals of San Francisco in their eleven-inning game to contest with the Mystics, was drafted into the service of the Athletics on this occasion, and did excellent execution with the ball. Score:

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	KNICKERBOCKER'S	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Rowan, 1b..	5	1	1	10	0	0	Willigrod, c f	4	1	1	5	0	0
Carey, s. s..	4	1	2	1	1	1	Angus, l. f..	4	0	1	2	0	5
Boyle, c. f..	4	1	1	0	1	0	Smith, 1b..	4	1	1	12	0	0
French, r. f..	4	1	1	0	1	0	Bl'kiston, 3b	4	0	0	2	2	1
Denny, 3b..	4	0	1	0	2	1	Bailey, r. f..	4	0	1	2	1	2
Muldoon, l.f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Dolan, 2b....	3	0	0	0	6	0
Macey, 2b..	4	1	1	3	2	1	Casey, s. s..	3	0	0	0	6	0
McDonald, c	4	0	0	9	2	0	Irwin, c.....	3	0	0	4	6	0
Meegan, p..	4	2	2	0	7	0	Hack, p.....	3	2	1	0	2	0
Totals..	37	6	10	27	15	4	Totals	32	4	5	27	12	8

Athletics	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	3	—6
Knickerbocker..	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	—4

Struck out—Athletic, 2; Knickerbocker, 7. Three-base hit—Bailey. Two-base hit—Carrigan, Rowan and Macey. Strikes called—Off Meegan 50; off Hack 24. Balls called—Off Meegan, 75; off Hack, 52. Umpire, Delevan. Time 1h. 30m.

Denny of the Athletics, who is said to have signed with the Troys for next season, was announced to throw against Hatfield's record (39ft. 11in. 7½in.), but owing to the cold weather he did not make the attempt. Sweeney left San Francisco on Dec. 1 for his home in Philadelphia.

THE BOSTON BASEBALL ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting Dec. 15, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. H. Soden; treasurer, A. J. Close; secretary, Harry Wright; directors, A. H. Soden, A. J. Chase, R. S. Munroe, J. B. Billings and E. B. Mayo; auditing committee, F. E. Long, E. A. Pope and F. F. Roundy. The report of the treasurer showed a diminution of the receipts of 1880 as compared with previous years of $3,461.50. The falling-off in the receipts was partly offset by a reduction in expenses of $3,163.77.

THE NEW LEAGUE TEAMS.

The latest slating of the teams gives the appended list of players to each of the eight clubs now in the League:

CHICAGO—Catcher, Flint; pitcher, Corcoran; basemen, Anson, Quest and Williamson; shortstop, Burns; outfielders, Dalrymple, Gore and Kelly; change-pitcher, Goldsmith.

CLEVELAND—Catcher, Kennedy; pitcher, McCormick; basemen, Phillips, Dunlap and McGeary; short-stop, Glasscock; outfielders, Clapp, Purcell and Shaffer, with Nolan as change-pitcher.

WORCESTER—Catcher, Bushong; pitcher, Richmond; basemen, Sullivan, Creamer and Carpenter; outfielders, Stovey, Dickerson and Dorgan, with Cory as change-pitcher.

TROY—Catcher, Holbert; pitcher, Welch; basemen, Connor, Ferguson and Denny; short-stop, Caskins; outfielders, Gillespie, Cassidy and Evans; change-catcher and pitcher, Ewing and Keefe.

BOSTON—Catcher, Snyder; pitcher, Bond; basemen, Morrill, Burdock and Sutton; short-stop, Richmond; outfielders, Hornung, Crowley and Jas. Whitney; change-catcher, Deasley.

BUFFALO—Catcher, Sullivan of Dubuque; pitcher, Galvin; basemen, Foley, Force and Morrisey; short-stop, Peters; outfielders, Richardson, Jas. O'Rourke and Jas. White; change-catcher and pitcher, Rowe and Lynch.

DETROIT—Catcher, Bennett; pitcher, Bradley; basemen, Brown, Gerhardt and A. Whitney; short-stop, Fulmer; outfielders, Wood, Hanlon and Knight; change-catcher and pitcher, C. Reilly and Derby.

PROVIDENCE—Catcher, Gross; pitcher, Ward; basemen, Start, Farrell and ——; short-stop, McClellan; outfielders, ——, Hines and ——; change-pitcher, Mathews.

It will be seen that all but Providence are complete.

ATHLETIC.

BIBBY vs. WHISTLER.

The last deposit of stake-money for the Græco-Roman wrestling-match between Edwin Bibby and Clarence Whistler, for five hundred dollars, was placed in the hands of the stakeholder, W. B. Curtis, last week. The American Institute building, Third-avenue and Sixty-third street, has been engaged, and the contest will take place there this (Tuesday) evening, Dec. 21. The articles stipulate that no rest shall be allowed before a fall is obtained, that only fifteen minutes shall be allowed between falls, and that a draw shall not under any circumstances be declared; so that there is every reason to believe that those who attend will witness a genuine match honestly contested until a decisive result is reached.

HOLSKE vs. DRISCOLL.

We have received $25 with the appended acceptance of Ed. Holske's challenge:

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I accept E. C. Holske's challenge to walk me twenty-five miles, fair heel-and-toe, for $500 a side. The match to be decided in any suitable building in or around Lynn, or I will give or take $30 for expenses to have the race come off in either Lynn or New York city. I will meet Mr. Holske on Monday, Dec. 27, at 3 o'clock P. M., at the Columbus House, Boston, Mass., to sign articles. Herewith please find $25 to cover Holske's forfeit. Yours, respectfully,

DENNIS A. DRISCOLL.

A MILE FOOT-RACE was run at the State Fair grounds, Glens Falls, N. Y., Dec. 15, for a stated one thousand dollars, between George Irvine of Ottawa, Canada, and Miles Stratton of Saratoga. The track was eight laps to the mile, and the pace was fast to the beginning of the last lap, when Stratton quit and Irving walked the rest of the way, finishing in 5m. 10s. They ran 7¾ laps in 4m. 30s.

THE STRANGERS' RACE, 120yds. handicap, at the Gaylie and Jesus College sports, Cambridge, Eng., was won Nov. 27 by F. H. Ware (7yds. start), six inches before G. E. Shedden (6yds.), who was scarcely eighteen inches ahead of E. L. Lucas (scratch) and F. G. L. Lucas (2yds.), the brothers running a dead heat for third place. Time, 11 4-5sec.

THE JERSEY CITY CURLING CLUB elected the following officers Dec. 13: President, Dr. James C. Clarke; vice-president, Andrew McKnight; secretary, Wm. W. Edwards; treasurer, W. D. Edwards; board of management—Jas. Stevens, Jas. Love and P. McKnight.

TIM SHORES AND AL. GEMAND of Jackson, Mich., ran a 100yds. race, flying start, on the fair grounds, Dec. 9. The match was for $25, and was won by Shores in 10⅘sec. There seems to have been some trouble over the affair, as Shores did not receive the stakes.

JAMES OWENS, ex-champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, is now in Cleveland, O., and it is probable that a match will be made between him and A. R. Rumsey, or the latter's pupil, John Rabshaw, to be decided at that city.

FRANK EDWARDS won a five-mile walk for prizes of $10 and $5 at Horticultural Hall, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 5; John Callahan, second; G. Guerrero, disqualified for running; Louis Braham, disqualified for foul'ng Edwards.

JOHN DOBLER, Frank Hart, Harry Howard, Fitzgerald, Pierce, Murphy, and other peds, have been exercising daily at Woods' Athletic Grounds, Williamsburgh, L. I.

IN A RUNNING hop-step-and-jump match at Glencoe, Ont., Nov. 30, Blair of that village made 46ft. 2in., and Hills of Watford, Ont., 44ft. 4in. Stakes, $200.

THE RING.

JIM LAXTON vs. TOMMY ORANGE.

An off-hand fight with gloves, for a purse, took place between the above Londoners on the night of Dec. 3 in a room in the metropolis. The affair was kept very quiet, and not more than fifty spectators were present. Laxton was born on Oct. 26, 1850, weighs about 126lb, and stands 5ft. 3½in. Among others, he has beaten "Soldier" Robinson (twice), Tom Hooker, Tommy Hayward, Wm. Richardson, Fletcher, B. Puryer, Donnelly (of Islington), Bill Green, Kennedy, Joe Fowler, Dave Cable, Jim Steadman, Picard, Punch Callow, Punch Rabbitjam, etc. Orange, who was born on Oct. 9, 1856, is 5ft. 2½in. high, and scales about 118lb, though he could fight in condition a few pounds lighter. He fought with the knuckles, when only sixteen years of age, "Ponto" of Bethnal-green for a purse. The affair, however, after they had been engaged 50min., ended in a draw. Orange then had his right hand knocked up, but was loth to leave off. For the match under notice, Orange had Professor Hundreds and Corporal Wm. Green (instructor to various clubs) as his seconds, while Laxton was well cared for by Tom Symonds and his brother, Bob Laxton. When once the lads got orders to strip there was no delay, and they entered the ring together at 6.27 P. M. The choice of corners was decided by a toss, Laxton's was not worth much. Everything being in readiness at twenty-nine minutes to seven, the lads stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—They led off simultaneously on the body; then Orange, forcing the fighting, got a good one on the forehead, and brought his right round on the side of the head, which woke Laxton up, and Jim in return delivered heavily on the right eye, and a fine rally followed. When they broke away, Orange was the first to resume hostilities, and, jumping forward, got over Laxton's guard, landing on the nose. They fought to the ropes, but, directly they closed, parted company, and went at it hammer-and-tongs in the centre of the ring, each side being smart and effective. Just before the three minutes expired Laxton forced Orange into his corner, and tried an upper-cut, which barely had the desired effect, for Orange retaliated, and they were fighting furiously in the centre of the ring when "Time" was called.

2. Both smart to the call, and seconds out of the ring simultaneously. No time was wasted in sparring, for Orange at once led off on the body, and after exchanges Laxton got close to his man, and delivered three or four rare fibbenders with both hands. They then closed, and each tried the right on the body to see who would first cry "Enough." When they separated both were "blowing," especially Laxton, who sparred a few seconds for wind. Meanwhile Orange made several attacks with his left, which Laxton avoided by cleverly "ducking," receiving on the back of the neck. After this Orange fought Laxton to the side of the ring, where several heavy exchanges took place, and Laxton, whilst Orange was stepping back to his corner, brought his right round

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, if the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

☞ Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, whether they are sent or forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M. MONDAY, Dec. 20.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Mrs. Hattie
Armond, Arzena
Adams, Lucille
Austin, Mrs. Emma
Aserine, Marie
Adams, Nellie
Amsan, Anna
Allen, Eloise
Bell, Bessie
Belden, Emma
Bruno, Mrs. Aug't. J.
Beaumont, Nellie
Barnes, Maude (3)
Bennett, Laura
Batcheller, Mrs. Phalan (2)
Bateman, Alice (2)
Beamont, Miss
Bernard, Lottie
Branscombe, Maude
Blair, Rosa (of Malmburg & Blair)
Bernard, Miss
Bateman & Willis
Pickert, Alice
Cruise, Annie
Currie, Arabella
Crandall, Gertie
Clifton, Ada
Carroll, Verona
Cassell, Madam
Carpenter, Lillian
Denverne, Mabel (2)
Dempsey, Louisa
D'Alve Sisters
Denike, Mattie
Dunn, Jennie
Dean, Annie
Emeline, Miss
Aubrey, Robt.
Arthur, Joseph
Ashton, Floyd
Archer, H. R.
Allen, Frank
Axforel or Axford, J. C.
Aymar, Fred.
Anderson, Fred.
Ayman, Walter
Alredo, Emma
Arlington, Wm.
Bulger, C. C.
Bertell, C. H.
Buchanan, J. H.
Brown, F. A.
Blitz, F. R.
Bell, Harry B.
Belmark, Harry
Burke, J. M (manager)
Brazzier, R. K. L.
Barlow, Milt. G.
Belmont, Chas.
Bowler, Frank
Bullett, Major
Bentley, C. E.
Butler, C. W.
Bean, Dr. (2)
Baldwin, Harry
Browne, R. S. (2)
Buckley, Joe
Beers, Chas.
Baird, J. W.
Bruno, A. W.
Banks, W. J. (2)
Brown, Harry M.
Bark, Mr.
Baughman, S. Hyde
Biller, Conrad
Banks, Billy
Beles, Davenport
Brady, W. J.
Bartlett, Mal. C. W.
Barnum, P. T.
Butler & Bailey
Connolly, Chas. M.
Collins Brothers
Crandall & East-man
Collins, Harvey
Crowell, Jr.
Chaddy, John
Drosser, H. P.
Drew, Sher. Frank
Drew, James
Dorr, Howard
Dumond, Chas.
Dixon, W.
Case, James S.
Call, S. S.
Clair-Scott Combination
Conroy, C.
Cooper & Jackson
Cate, Valentine
Cahill & Martin
Campbell, Bartley
Callahan, J. C.
Cantelli, S.
Carson, Chas.
Callender, H. W.
Capitola, Mme.
Coup, W. C. (2)
Carroll & West
Carlisle, Fred
Courtney, G. A.
Clooney & Ryan
Clapham, Jas.
Castello, Geo. B.
Connor, John H.
Cogswell, M. F.
Currier, C. P.
Cotton, Ben
Cross, Thos.
Clarke, Kit (2)
Couldock, Fred'k
Dixon, Chas.
Dellaven, Geo.
Dowling, J.
Drake, B. S.
Dec, Dr.
Dykeman, F.
Du[illegible]
[illegible], E. C.
[illegible]ssant, San
Drayton, Herr Edward, W.
Eagan, J. C. (2)
Emerson & Walter
[illegible] Harry (Leader)
Eugene, M.
Eberle, Eugene
Everett & Daly
Evans, James S.
Ellsler, Effie (2)
Ferguson, Barney
Fanshaw, A. W.
Foote's Dramatic Co.
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Ford & Dertina
Fones & Mack 9c.
Ferguson, O. J.
Fitzgerald, Edith'd
Foy, P. C.
Foote, Commodore
Fagen, Barney
Fawcett, T. W. (2)
Fursman, Geo.
Fenton, James
Four Shamrocks, The
French, E.
Field, E. J. (2)
Foreman, E. C.
Fernandez, Jesse
Flynn, Matt
Gorman, Bud
Granger, Fred
Gibbons, F. A.
Giffoil, Ben
Gorman Bros. The Three
Gladstone, Sam
Gaiety Thos. (4)
Grady, G. G.
Hogan, Gus
Harley, A. T.
Hutchinson, Jas. L.
Herbert Bros.
Henderson, Chas. W.
Heineman, Chas.
Haverly, J. H.
Hughes, Andy
Hussey, Frank
Hill, Wm. Geo.
Homan, Bernard
Hughes, Edward
Healy, Dr. J. C.
Harrington, J. C.
Hayes, J.
Ince, John E.
Jarrett, H. C.
Jamieson, Jesse
Jordan, R. F. 9c.
Johnson, Lew
Jarvis, Frank (2)
Kearney, Jas. W.
King, Frank
Kelly, Wm.
Keating & Sands
Kane, John 7c.
Kinne, Wm.
Lynn, W. (with Lynn Sisters) 6c.
Leonard, Jas.
Lindsey, Ed. (2)
Lorella, T. A.
Lloyd, Harry
Lorby & Gaston
Lehman, Louis (2)
Lowther, G. W.
Lee, James
Lester, D. W.
Lusbie, Ben
Lamb & Norton
Leonzo, Mons.
Lester & Williams
Langley, E. D.
Liley, C. A.
Lawrence, Fred
Mitchell, H. W.
Murray & Murphy
Mac Gus
Morris, John
McGinnis, Chas.
McDonald, Geo.
Moore, Wm. T.
Mohn, F.
Horace Magh, J.
Clem C. [illegible]onald, Chas.
Murphy, John
Constable Hoole (2c.)
Middaugh, P. D.
McCreedy, Ben
Mott, Tot
Miles, Ben
McElroy, Jas. E.
Mortimer, Chas.
Maynard, Eugene
Mitchell, Julian
Marks, J. H.
Marks, J. H.
Maxwell, T. J. or T. Z.
Murphy, John E.
Mooney, E. A.
Mulligan & Morris
McMahon, J.
McDonald, A.
McMahon, John (circus "biz")
Mexican Bros. & Maggie Minehin
Middleton, G. W.
Miller, Chas. F.
Mulligan & Adams
Martz, Al.
Mass, Eugene
Murphy, Con
Morris, Will
Maguire, John (manager)
Meany, Tommy
McGuire, James
McAllister, Billy
Mack, J. H.
Morosco Family, The
Miller, W. A.
Murphy, Tony
Murray, B. W.
McDowell, J. L.
Morlacchi, Mlle.
Norwood, Marian
Noon, Della
Nielsen, Mrs. I. G.
Oakdon, Gertrude
Palmer, Minnie
Reynolds, Fannie
Richardson, Allie
Rainford, Alice (2)
Richardson, Mrs. Sage
Reese, Madam
Rentz's Minstrels, Madam
Stowe, Emilie
Shanley, Josephine (3)
Smith, Mrs. Mark
Sheppard, Kittie
St. Maur, Mrs. Belle
Stone, Isabel
Smith, Allie (with Gilbert & Misco)
Siddons, Mrs. M. Scott- (3) 15c.
Strong, Mrs. TeoBrock, May 9c.
Verne, Emma
Vivian, Mrs. Imogen
Williams, Mrs. E. C.
Wallack, Fannie
Wesley, Ada
Vickers, Mattie
Ward, May 16c.
Winters, Maggie
Weaner, Ella
Willoughby, Clara
Woods, Fannie (3)
Wickes, Odillie
Wells, Minnie
Wray, Viola
Willmore, Miss J. (Mrs. Francks) (3)
Zulla, Ella

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Nash, J. E.
Nugent, Paddy
Nail, John
Noonl, Frank
Newcombe, Bobby
Nobles, Milton
Orton, Hal
Ogden, J. E. (2)
O'Neil & Conroy, Jas.
"Pan"
Palmer, Harry
Pattenkofer, Johnny
Phillips, John
Pearl, C. C.
Perry, Chas
Pell & Lewis
Peasley, John
Phagin, Walter
Penne, Chas. E.
Polk, J. B.
Potter or Porter, W. J.
Pullman & Hamilton
Porter, James
Palmer, W. R.
Powers, W. H.
Powers, W. H.
Quigley, John
Quick, Dick
Reno, Dick
Reede, Geo. J.
Ryan, Frank
Raymond, John T.
Richie & Bro., Henry
Rice, J. W. (2)
Rosenbaum, Jr., E.
Ryman, Add
Robbins, Burr
Reopens his Masquerade Establishment
Retlaw & Alton
Redvignez, Jose
Rich, W. W.
Rooms, Jas. D. (2)
Robinson, F. C. P.
Rose, F. Oakes Dr.
Ross, D. C.
Rice, Col. Dan
Rogers, Ada Clifton, Joe
Sweetnam, Billy
Sheridan & Riley
Sturgiss, J. A.
Shelby, Dan
Sells Bros.
Schroder, Chas. N.
Schmidt, Gaspar
Smith, Luke
Smith, Ed. C. (2)
Swain, Sam'l C. Jr.
Smith & Leopold
Shaw, Gus
Smith, Al.
Shields, F. H.
Start, Edward
Sabielle & Hallecks
Smith & Ohlmer
Sargeant, H. J. (2)
Smith, Will L.
Stickney, Robt. (3) 8c.
Sanders, J. B.
Snyder, B.
Sheehan, E. H.
Sunlin & Durell
Sullivan, Chas.
Sands, Billy
Sherry, J.
Sherman, R.
Sanderson, H. S. (2)
Sheridan, F. (of Sheridan Bros.)
Seeley, Chas.
Stoke, Geo. (of TripleAllianceCo.)
Surridge, J. H.
Sullivan, P. E.
Sweatnam, Billy
Stokes, S. G.
Somerville, Rufus
Sells, W. M.
Satsuma, Kane
Sinclair, Arthur
Stanley, H. C.
Sanford, J. L.
Smith, R. G.
Sheehan & Jones
Schoolcraft & Coes
Sosh, Dr.
Todd, W. E.
Turner, Geo. 16c.
Tracey, James
Turner, Geo.
Thorn, Ernest
Thompson, Joe & Sadie
Turnour, Jules
Trudell, A. O.
Thompson, Benja
Todd, H. C. (2)
Villa, Sam
Van Jan, Jean
Van Fassen, W. B.
Venuetta, Frank
Varney, Ed.
Williams, Dell (2)
Webber, Harry
Whallon, Harry
Washburn's Last Sensation, Agen
Wyman, Prof.
Wallace, Frank
Wallace, J. H.
Webber, H. A.
Williams, Gus
Wood, Arthur
Wren, Oliver
Wheatleigh, Chas.
Watson, Sam'l Sc.
Wilson, Bob
Waldon, R.
Wiesel, G.
Williams, Frank

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 20, '80.

Before we forget it, permit us to wish you all a very merry and otherwise enjoyable Christmas with many happy returns of the day. No doubt you think that we ought to present every one of you with a good, fat, twenty-five-lb turkey; and we should have done so, but after going through Washington Market and the many other Turkish bazaars which help to make this city the great victualing emporium of the world, we found it impossible to carry out our design owing to the scarcity of twenty-five-lb birds. Had we accomplished the object of our mission, and scooped in all the big poultry necessary to feed our numerous and happy family of readers, we should have created a corner in turkeys; and then "think of the other hearts that would ache," as dear Brother Beecher of bird's-nest-hiding fame once patriotically remarked. And so it came to pass that, being unable to gather the myriads of luscious turkeys necessary to supply our beloved readers, we were reluctantly compelled to call it a "stand-off," which must be extremely mortifying to our hungry friends. ("Our Jim" is never so happy as when we are writing about nut victuals, and he now breaks in to say that he has seen in the Sabbath papers mention of a new comic opera soon to be presented at our Passion-ate Brother Abbey's Park Theatre; he says it is called "Olivette," and he should like to learn what it *was* "Olive et."]..... Lester Wallack and Theodore Moss on Saturday night last got the bulge on Genevieve Ward by producing the newly-imported play of "Forget-me-not," which that lady claims to be her property. She is now on board ship, and is due here in a few days. When she gets here there is likely to be another cruel war, and we wouldn't be in Mr. Wallack's brogans for untold riches. Well, it *was* a bit rough on the lady, seeing that she has to fight her way alone through an uncharitable world. By the time this cruel war is over her suggestion of "Forget-me-not" to the male belligerents will have burned into their souls like a red-hot sword.

Oh, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
That such a wrong your heart should grieve;
That rights on which your life was sot
Are claimed by man—"Forget-me-not!"

....."Needles and Pins" will stick at Daly's until next year; and yet its run is far behind that of "Hazel Kirke" at the Madison-square house..... If all be true that we have heard, nearly every actor and actress in this city has turned story-writer for the papers during the holidays. We are not a particle jealous, nor do we envy our esteemed contemporaries one single jot or tittle of their good fortune in securing the aid of the profession to add brilliancy to their respective journals; but this we do say, that if a tithe of the love of favorite actor or actress causes such an outburst of enthusiasm among our esteemed ones, what might be the result if these same professionals should really write a sketch on of their own heads for publication? We by no means say that they do not compose the articles to which their names are attached, but to us the whole thing has a very suspicious look.

One who writes an article compos-ed by another.

And submits it to an editor without regard to cost,
By that simple act brings disgrace upon his mother,
And dies amid his numerous readers—[illegible], forever lost!
[This is copyrighted.

.....Lawrence Barrett, the rising young American tragedian, comes before us this evening at the Park Theatre in "Yorick's Love." We would kindly impress on our readers that the fact of Mr. Barrett referred to is not the gentleman who figures so prominently in "Hamlet" under the name of Alas! *poor* Yorick. *He* was another kind of fellow altogether, one of infinite jest, as you may remember.

.....Humpty Dumpty is on his wall in Niblo's Garden this week, and is the genuine Humpty. It is well clothed, having two Pantaloons where only one was used before. See Niblo's "Humpty and his Wife." Don't "Get the best,"..... were overcome with emotion after reading an account of the commotion in front of the Academy of Music one night recently, in which some coachmen and policemen figured, and wherein the name of Jay Hyde Pierrepont also loomed up as a figurante. The principal coachman saw his freight emerging, and naturally endeavored to hoist 'em in, in which effort he was repulsed by the gallant cops and sent to a side track; then the unhappy coachman was dragged from his coign of vantage, while Delancey Kane held his horses. During this rumpus, the ladies gathered themselves together, beat a hasty retreat up Fourteenth street, and taken home by a hired man in a hired wagon. Coachy was fined twenty-five dollars. Hoorar!..... Young-woman-shot-out-of-a-cannon opens with her first shoot to-night at Niblo's. Stand from under! Hoop la! ..... Will Billy Birch do Desdemona for Charley Backus as Othello, the 'Frisco boys should make Salvini feel very sick. We allow no ignoble foreigner to gather laurels which belong to our own peerless Billy Birch. Only a few cakes of palm soap will be used by Mr. Backus to make the froth in the terrifying scene between Messrs. Othello and Iago. Go early..... Tony Pastor intends to offer an extraordinarily rich bill-of-fare on Christmas day! ..... Our friend declares that he would sooner give up his dinner on that day than miss going to Tony's, which is a very high compliment to Mr. Pastor, knowing as we do the ravenous condition of Dinny's appetite..... Don't fail to make the acquaintance of "Mr. Geraldine" at the Standard Theatre. They say that Bartley Campbell has made a capital Irish drama, giving us neat and clean characters without any of the rough-and-tumble element. Bartley writes poetry, too, and so do we, as witness the following:

If I wur to get sayskek in the midst of the say, dear,
An' the breath from me body wur cast out intirely,
I'd wonder for one minute, now wouldn't you, May, dear?
Oh, Cushla Machree, tor herein's my home.*

And whin me drowned corpus it lies in the kitchin,
An' the frinds of me youth are gathered around,
Be the grace of the saints, I'll be singin' this pitch in.
But let me down aisy, ten foot under ground.

*You may imagine that we couldn't make a rhyme to fit in here, but that's where you'd make a mistake—we omit the rhyme by request.

.....It wasn't in Wall street, but in the columns of our own valuable journal, that we recently learned something new respecting bulls and bears. Our friend Barnum, who is the boss of the show, has announced a wonderful bull which strongly resembled a bear. We are glad that he did this—partly on account of the bull, but more especially on our own account, since it enables us to present the agreeable intelligence that the office boy, how an advertisement in THE CLIPPER not only accomplishes the end sought, but may result in the immortalization of the subject advertised—even when it is so unpoetical a theme as a bull:

SOMETHING BULLY.

If a bull, by resembling a bear,
Thereby his value enhances,
Then a bear that's like to a bull
(If perchance such a likeness chances)
Should be held, p'rhaps, at least,
Three times as intensely precious.
Though much in common they share,
Their difference is still to be reckoned—
The first is a bully bear,
While bearly a bull is the second!
(It squibs like this we are full!
But our forbear is not to be bull.)

* If you read the first syllable of this "steer," it will naturally associate itself with the bull, and you will get more like the spoof intended.

* This is not true. We don't believe that any man could be full of such squibs as this and live.

.....Sailor's Luck, by Jefferson, has arrived—she's younger than *the* Bernhardt, and just as finely drawn out; trained down a trifle too thin, to speak in sporting language. She met with no accident on the high seas, but was just as seasick as a girl with her first cigarette..... Now is the time to dig around baby-elephant bulbs, and put in a barrel or so of bonedust to enrich the soil. It may be well to know that the frost-nippings will not thrive in the same hill with elephant bulbs..... This is the season when the little child suddenly rises up in a church entertainment and recites that soul-stirring poem "You Can Scarce Expect One of My Age to Speak in Public." For a warm spell which played the mischief with skating last week our ,theatrical managers talk of giving a banquet to the new Old Probabilities for his services in their behalf..... Salvini is the grandest Othello since Forrest died. The fellow who does Iago may well shake in his shoes when the Italian blackamoor goes for him. We never saw a man in such a terrible passion as Salvy gets into when he has his grip on the throat of the conniving Iago. It's a wonder he don't choke Shewell to death in reality. He *will*, some day, if Shewy does not relinquish the part. You'll see..... There are so many more Uncle Toms than there used to be, and such a demand for little girls to play the gentle Eva, that children are becoming lost, strayed or stolen more than ever. Remember Charley Ross, and keep the little ones at home, if you know whereof you are well off..... There was a pitiful case in the circus paraphernalia and menagerie things last Thursday. It was the first of a series of annual sales, and, as the managers and their people are taking matters quietly just now, the attendance was quite large. Some stuffed animals went off a good deal cheaper than you could make 'em, and whole rows of seats didn't bring any more than if they had been bundles of kindling-wood; but you couldn't buy a real baby elephant for untold thousands. The profession was represented by managers from all parts of the country, and sideshowmen were in their glory. Altogether, it was a very happy family gathering, albeit the genial P. T. Barnum was not present, owing to serious illness.

AT THE SALE.

"What's bid for this cow?" said the auctioneer;
"What's bid for th's cow?" said he;
"A secret-ar animal never yet growed,
As plainly you can see."
"I'll give you a dollar," a fakir he said;
"I'll give you two, be said;
"To-k his along," the seller he cried;
"I's a bargain, all will agree.
"Here's a humorist, what have I for him?
As a humorist he just takes the cake—
Only seventy-five cents for a relic like that!—
"What name?" "Cow," says the fakir, "Bill."
So the managers laughed, and the Rabes all quaffed
To the health and the fortune of Jim;
But when they got to the office the boy
Was there—the one at the sale wasn't him.
A stuffed roaring lion, likewise a hippopot-
Amus, were next brought to view;
And, you never heard such a yell before
As greeted this motley crew.
The hippo, he only fetched dollars ten,
The lion got in his prime thousands nine;
Things sold so low that we felt quite ashamed,
But the syndicate said it was fine.

.....We think a show of whales ought to do well during the holidays. We haven't seen a whale for more than a year, and *that* wasn't a right whale, either. People who own whales ought to trot 'em out—they would make a far better display than a turkey show..... A gentleman named Flanders lectured Dec. 16 on the "Jeffersonian Doctrines." We presume it must have had reference to Jos. Jefferson and Rip Van Winkle. "Our Jim" wonders if this Flanders is connected with the army which history tells us swore awfully in Flanders.

.....Talmage, Ingersoll and Beecher would make a dandy exhibition team. Each has had trouble enough for acrobatic specialties, Ingersoll as the fire-king, and Beecher to do the juveniles and lovers. Should this trio clinch, and start on a long tour, what would become of "Humpty-Dumpty," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Two Orphans," etc.?..... Actresses who intend to hang up their stockings on Christmas-eve are notified that at Blooms' and at Dazian's the very longest and strongest ever made can be purchased.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Labiche, the French dramatist, who has just been admitted to the Academy, manages a large estate, which he has improved from valueless land to a model farm. He is also manager of a model village near by, and it is said that the only books he reads are treatises on farming and gardening..... M. Sauret was announced to play a new violin concerto by Herr Gernsheim at the Crystal Palace, London, Dec. 18..... Joseph Warwood, father of Thomas Warwood, the musician, died a few days ago. He was seventy-three years of age..... Robert Stackney is in Cincinnati, resting for a few weeks..... Isaac Miller, who for many years was the janitor of Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, is now advertising agent for the Colliseum..... Charles Powell Clinch, in his young days an amateur actor, a shakespearian scholar and a dramatic critic of his mature years a politician, died in this city on Dec. 16. He was in the Custom-house from 1838 to 1876, when he resigned. Of his plays, it is said, was brought out at the old Broadway Theatre. He was eighty-three years old..... Rev. Thomas S. Haskell, who is said to have been an actor, and also a circus performer, died in this city about four years ago, has been preaching at the Carondelet-street Methodist Church South, New Orleans. It is furthermore stated that this identical church was dedicated by the Rev. Dr. Parsons, who was a tragedian in the long-ago, but died a clergyman..... Joseph Jefferson, the comedian, who has been confined to his house for some weeks by illness, is now convalescing..... The German actress Mme. Marie Geistinger is on her way to this country. She is announced to play in Thalia Theatre, New York, in her respective Irish and German specialties; Crossley and Elder performed their athletic sports with rare neatness; and the feats of Jackets-Cly's Japs were distinguished by their wonted dexterity..... Charles Foster as Jasper Carter in the concluding drama, "Bertha the Sewing-machine Girl," displayed his dramatic talent to its fullest advantage. A. H. Sheldon's spectacular drama entitled "Demon of Gold" receives its first representation Dec. 20. The American Four—Pettingill, Gale, Dailey and Hoey —John and Maggie Fielding, Boissett Family, Hallen and Hart, Barney Fagan and Lizzie Mulvey, Olympia Quartet, Lottie Elliot, Helene Smith and Walk Wesley are the new arrivals.

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CITY SUMMARY.

SALVINI began an engagement in Booth's Theatre Dec. 13, acting "Othello," which was repeated 15, "Hamlet" was given 17, "La Mort Civile" 18, and the theatre was closed 14, 16, and matinees 18, prices were-Reserved seats, $2, $1.50, and $1; general admission, $1; and gallery, 50 cents. He was supported by an English-speaking company, under the management of John Stetson, which caused the audience to pay less attention to the support than they probably would have done had the entire performance been given in Italian. It had been feared that this polyglot nature of the representations would interfere with their harmony; but such was not the case, the entire performance being conducted in English of one language had been spoken. Salvini is a great artist, and as Othello he has no equal on the American stage. Deserved applause was frequent and liberal, and in the third and fifth acts he positively electrified the audience. At that point he recalled the jealousy-scene in the third act, while delivering the speech commencing "Villain, be sure you prove my love," etc., he seized Iago by the throat, dashed him prone upon the stage, and then raised his foot as if about to stamp upon him, which elicited a torrent of applause, and after the fall of the curtain he was several times recalled. His killing of Desdemona, and his own death scene, while differing in many points from that hitherto been presented, were highly artistic, and received the heartiest demonstrations of approval. Throughout his entire impersonation there was much discovered to admire, of which lack of space now prevents. The acting by the company was even and fairly satisfactory, he cast being: Iago, L. R. Shewell; Cassio, Henry Crisp; Rodrigo, W. J. Owen; Brabantio, A. D. Billings; Montano, E. Kingsley; Lodovico, Neil Hunter; Lodovico, N. D. Jones; Gratiano, J. H. Ring; Paulo, Chas. Mason; Antonio, W. Warren; Luca, S. Mortimer; Desdemona, Miss Elsie Wilton; Emilia, Miss Marie Prescott. As Hamlet Salvini was not so satisfactory, his conception of the character of the Prince being that he was suffering from softening of the brain; consequently he depicted him in even a more melancholy and gloomy manner than we have been accustomed to see him; hence his interpretation became monotonous, and at times tedious. He roused up in the third act, and during the play-scene and the subsequent interview with his mother in her closet he aroused the audience to a high state of enthusiasm. In the final act he also gave a fine display of his histrionic ability. An impression prevails that he had been overworked before he left Italy, as he played it in Booth's Theatre during a brief season of June, 1874, just before sailing for Rio de Janeiro. In "La Morte Civile," which afforded him an excellent opportunity for the display of his best abilities, the piece having been written expressly for him, he did not satisfy an American audience, because almost all of the interest of the piece is centred in Conrad, whom he impersonated, and the audience was therefore confined to the libretto rather than to the stage. His support was so weak that all interest was lost in those portions of the play presented in the vernacular. The cast was: Dr. Arrigo Palmieri, Henry Crisp; Monsignor Giacchino Sanseverino, Neil Hunter; Don Ferdinando, J. Leslie Gossin; Gaetano, J. H. Ring; Rosalie, wife of Conrad, Miss Ellie Wilton; Emma, a daughter of Conrad and Rosalie, Miss Julia Seweryn; Agatha, Miss Athena; Conrad, Signor Salvini. The attendance was very large, and on his first two nights and good on the third, but there was a marked falling off on the fourth night. From this we infer that the general public desire to see him only in Shakespearian pieces.

THE HANLON-LEES COMBINATION, it is again asserted, are to visit the United States professionally in 1881, commencing an engagement in this city in September. Mr. Allston Brown informs us that the sole object of his recent visit to Europe was to engage them. In case they do come, Col. Brown will have charge of their business, and will travel with them.

MCKEE RANKIN and "The Danites" Combination sailed from Liverpool Dec. 11 in the steamship Bothnia, and are due here about 22.

MISS ALICE IMMS, who came over with the Seldene Troupe, closed with them in Meriden, Ct., Dec. 16, and sailed for Europe in the steamship Helvetia Sunday, 19.

KYRLE BELLEW, who came to this country under engagement to the Union-square Theatre, is to sail for England Dec. 21, he having declined the part he was cast for in the new play of "Jim."

SAMUEL COLVILLE and Miss Roseau sailed for England Dec. 18.

THE PRODUCTION of "Michael Strogoff" in Booth's Theatre has been indefinitely postponed.

"ONE HUNDRED WIVES" will be presented at Booth's Theatre Jan. 17.

ABANDONED.—The site selected for Wallack's new theatre, on the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street, has been given up because of the inability of the stock company who were going to erect the theatre to get possession of the land before May 1, 1881, when the leases of the present tenants expire.

THE BROADWAY NOVELTY THEATRE, opposite the New York Hotel, reopens Dec. 20, under R. Fitzgerald's management. Nelson & Little are the lessees. A novelty and dramatic company will furnish the entertainment.

ABBEY'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" TROUPE, under the management of S. M. Hickey, are to begin a season in Niblo's Garden Dec. 20. Among the special attractions will be Albert Valjean, juggler; Belle Gabrielle, musical glasses; the Martinetti Family, posturings and balancings; the Ragade Troupe; Lochner's Tyrolean Warblers; the Davene Family; and Zazel, who is to be shot out of a cannon.

JOSEPH PEATMAN, business-manager of Rial & Draper's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Combination, is in town. That troupe is to commence a season of two weeks in the Academy of Music at a matinee performance Christmas.

MARY ANDERSON AND COMBINATION are to act "Love" and "The Hunchback" each three nights of this week in Haverly's Fifth-avenue Theatre.

"MY GERALDINE" is to receive its first representation on any stage in the Standard Theatre Tuesday, Dec. 21, the theatre being closed 20.

MORE CHANGES IN THE CAST.—George H. Griffiths as Dunstan Kirke at the Madison-square Theatre was replaced Dec. 13 by Steele Mackaye, who acted it also 14, 15, when he was taken ill, and has since been confined to his bed. Dominick Murray assumed the role 16 and the rest of the week, and Mr. Clifton made his first appearance in this theatre, acting Aaron Rodney in place of Mr. Murray. Business continues good.

SALVINI during this (his last), week in Booth's Theatre is to act in "Othello" Dec. 20, 25, "Sullivan" 22, and "The Gladiator" 23. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is billed for 27.

NO CHANGE at the Theatre Comique this week.

THE NEW FEATURES at Tony Pastor's for Christmas-week are Harry and John Kernell, Ferguson and Mack, Sheehan and Jones, Niles and Evans, Kittie O'Neil, Minnie and Lena French, Reynolds and Walling, and Joyce Martelle.

"MATRIMONY" was acted for the last time in the Standard Theatre Dec. 18. It did not achieve the success hoped for.

WOOD AND BRASLEY join the San Francisco Minstrels Dec. 20, and a burlesque on Salvini's Othello will be produced.

LAWRENCE BARRETT and company open a season in Abbey's Park Theatre Dec. 20, producing "Yorick's Love."

"BABES IN THE WOOD" is to be produced by Rice's Surprise Party in Haverly's Fourteenth-street Theatre Thursday, Dec. 23.

"NEEDLES AND PINS" is approaching the close of its successful career in Daly's Theatre.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S CIRCUS is to commence a season in the Aquarium Dec. 20. Prices: Admission, fifty cents; reserved seats, seventy-five cents.

KIT CLARKE, manager of Mme. Rentz's Minstrel Company, is in the city. He now carries an elegant gold-headed cane, recently presented to him by Treasurer David Scheff.

GEORGE THATCHER closed his engagement with the San Francisco Minstrels Dec. 11, and Richard Gorman and William Carroll joined them 13. Mr. Gorman sang dialect songs—French, English, Irish, Scotch, Chinese, etc.—which were favorably received, and Mr. Hunley's banjo-playing, singing and comical sayings made a hit. The other changes in the programme were "My Baby," sung by Charles Backus; "Somebody's Courting Somebody," by Stanley Grey; "I've Got a Healthy Darling," by Billy Birch; and "Sally in Our Alley," by T. B. Dixon. The patronage continues liberal.

MARY ANDERSON AND COMBINATION began a season in Haverly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Dec. 13, acting "Evadne," which was repeated 14, 15, and "Ingomar" was given during the rest of the week. During her two years' absence from the metropolitan stage she does not seem to have made much progress in her art. Business, although not so large as had been expected, was good; but the spectators got badly "stuck" on several nights. On Thursday night, as late as half-past nine o'clock, we were offered an orchestra chair for $1 —the price of admission. For future reference we append the casts of both plays: "Evadne"—Evadne, Miss Mary Anderson; Colonna, Milnes Levick; Ludovico, Robert L. Downing; King of Naples, T. L. Coleman; Vicentio, Atkins Lawrence; Spalatro, Joseph Anderson; Page, F. J. Currier; Olivia, Miss Laura Clancey. "Ingomar"—Parthenia, Miss Mary Anderson; Ingomar, M. Levick; Alastor, R. L. Downing; Ambivar, T. L. Coleman; Novio, J. Anderson: Trinobantes, F. J. Currier; Samo, R. Bourne: Timarch, A. Lawrence; Polydor, J. McDonald; Myron, H. A. Norman; Lykon, T. F. Brennan; Adrastus, W. A. Harvey; Amyntus, W. R. Davis; Elphenor, J. H. Lovell; Actea, Mrs. M. L. Berrell; Theano, Miss L. Clancey.

HARRY MINER'S THEATRE since our last has had large audiences. The performers were W. J. Wyke and Ada Boshell in character-changes; Edith Sinclair and Ed. F. Barnes in the sketch entitled "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady;" the comic specialties of Ryan and Richfield; Mr. and Mrs. Shannon were taxed to the utmost in their respective Irish and German specialties; Crossley and Elder performed their athletic sports with rare neatness; and the feats of Jackets-Cly's Japs were distinguished by their wonted dexterity..... Charles Foster as Jasper Carter in the concluding drama, "Bertha the Sewing-machine Girl," displayed his dramatic talent to its fullest advantage. A. H. Sheldon's spectacular drama entitled "Demon of Gold" receives its first representation Dec. 20. The American Four—Pettingill, Gale, Dailey and Hoey —John and Maggie Fielding, Boissett Family, Hallen and Hart, Barney Fagan and Lizzie Mulvey, Olympia Quartet, Lottie Elliot, Helene Smith and Walk Wesley are the new arrivals.

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AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN a well-arranged programme is announced this week, specialties—Campbell and Burke, Morgan and Mullen, Pettitt

RNIA LETTER dated San Francisco, under: "Few actors have achieved rity than W. E. Sheridan, who seems to reatest hit of his theatrical life as Ry- ery attention paid to scenery, music, cos- tacular effects, and with the support of a pany every individual member of which accomplishing the end attained, the wh Sheridan coupelled his audiences to see get everything but the role he personated, s been such a masterpiece of acting as to heralded by fame, the gentleman came to to be a reliable stock-actor of promising performances of Louis XI and displ vincing proofs that he possesses genius order as any of the stars now occ ances in the theatrical firmament. As he gave an able, finished and satisfa ion in every respect, he did not display h wonderful perfection as he has in the a source of regret that 'The Merchant of take precedence. In that case Sheridan's have been accorded speedier recognit ion, and many larger audiences would ercised the star. He has had, however, no plain of the paucity or lack of financial cu since the first production of Shylock, 7 an ouses have been the result, the gallleries en crowded to discomfort. A double call is ed on him during the trial scene, as also is e curtain after each act in which he ap- aura Don has redeemed herself, and is ably very acceptable, but leaves nothing to he, too, is the recipient of much applause, honored with a call before the curtain. drews as Nerissa, Colton as Antonio, Orle io, Kennedy as Gratiano, Dudley as Solanio, launcelot Gobbo and Bradley in Old Gobbo to much purpose. Miss Louisa Thorndyke eurial Jessica. The costumes were made this occasion by Jahn, and were not only being correct, but the richest yet worn in e stage of Venice will remain as the ll 20, when 'Richelieu' will be produced as the Cardinal, Miss Laura Don as Julie, Edgerton, the recent debutante, will also earance. The Obestnut-street Theatre will not permit Mr. Sheridan a longer ranted him and his wife's traveling ex- coast have been assured, he will reluctantly

The World,' a spectacular drama, will the Christmas attraction..... ...tions would be a far more appropriate placard than s on Only' that has nightly greeted the omers to the Standard, whereby Joe Murphy very best as Shaun Rhue. That the play is a at the actor is a favorite are attested by the dreds had to be denied admission at every The free list has been entirely sus- an extra fee demanded for reserved seats, gh new here, is well known in other sections , and therefore requires no mention save of wit, pathos, and sensational tableaux, all pleasant and interest to the public. The com- well adapted to their roles, and work to- precision of clockwork. Miss Adele Waters promise of being an ornament to the pro- excellence of her impersonation of Kate with Rellie and Ada Deaves reflects credit erial ability that so materially strengthens weakness was apparent in the comedy pre- n Rhue.' So great has been the success of ttraction that it will be retained until en 'Ixion Rewheeled,' with little Grace the title-role will be presented..... de has been a Mrs. Partington Van Winkle reet Theatre, solely on account of wretched ed for him by Manager Locke. Mr. McWade ained and experienced actor, but he is alistic in this quaint and poetic portraiture ption of Miss Annie Adams, little Maudie ell, who has but a brief part as Lionel Stor- mpany handicap the star. Next week Mr. appear as Rory O'More and as Dick Mi his burlesque of 'Richard III.'.....The lle Opera Company, reinforced by Mme. Emmeline Coll, and Louis Nathal will appearance in this theatre on Monday night. delphi C. W. Barry nightly increases in d is applauded to the echo by celibrated e has achieved another success as George Broken Fetters,' in which he proves him- and finished actor. Though the burden of lves on him, the very able company under support especially Miss Mollie Williams, onation of Martha Bradstock was effective, inel. 'Roped In, or the Thugs of New York,' ted 13 for the last week of Mr. Barry's en- He leaves immediately for Chicago, where e Academy of Music. E. T. Goodrich will ur weeks' engagement 20 in 'Grizzly Adams.' eration of a Professor Willis, contortionist, ator, from Australia, there has been no new ron'cle..... The Bella Union Theatre re- ers to big business 11. The engagement ntation,' in which appeared Harry Montague, ge, Carrie and Sophie Duncan, Prof. Durand, dGregor, Harry Montague, J. Arthur Doty, Flowers, Mlle Zitella, Homer Lane and 'Mabel's Dream,' in which appear, beside tty Nelson, Maude Montague, Frank Rora- nderson, and Harry La Clair, who also his musical sketch 'A Practical Joke.' Charley Goodwin's management the Cali- ll reopened 13, with Fanny L. Bucking- ppa.' 'The Pretty Persian' has dwelled e in the Tivoli, where her presence has at- rds of admirers. She will depart 20, to sit of 'Cinderella,' who will remain for the 'Pinafore' will receive its last representa- ward's Garden 12. 'Girofle-Girofla' will e Williams and Sully, if they decline a r engagement at San Jose will shortly go n open at the Vine-street Opera-house, Cin- 17. 1881..... The cast of Juliet by the fa debutante Ida Aubrey will hereafter be a requisite to secure the Society for the Cruelty to Children. The little girl should her nursery, instead of spouting love in tones. At matinees 11 at the Standard, made a second appearance as a Juliet to ouse, some wretch maliciously shouted nderers. The excitement and consternation but it only lasted for a moment. Man- and Fred Lyster sprang upon the stage, assurance that there was no sign of fire t need of alarm, succeeded in allaying the present Mr. Sullivan has reason to believe one of malice, and has offered a reward of dollars for the arrest of the person who en- eate the panic."

GFIELD'S performing dogs are one of ns of Rial's "Humpty Dumpty" Com- *he Dubuque* (Ia.) *Times* comments on

editable feature of the "Humpty Dumpty" the performance of John Wingfield's canine go through their parts with all the skill and e intelligence of human beings. Had they ge-stage days the great playright would cer- ided dogs to his lines concerning "All the e."etc.

ION CLIMER.—"Divorcons," a three-act Victorien Sardou and Emile Bergerat, was y produced at the Theatre du Palais , France. *The New York Herald* says: sually pronounced to be one of the most d clever plays that have been produced Han stage for some time. The plot is Desprunelles is married to a light- man, who flirts with young Adhemar. d notices it, and gets hold of a telegram d Adhemar had sent him to make prunelles believe that the Divorce oted, and that she could, conse- ant a rendezvous to Adhemar. With- a word, Desprunelles brings news has been officially voted, and tells his ney need not look any longer at one cat and dog; that if she likes he will divorce and set them both at liberty. ing so little cared about, Mme. Des- unsels her husband to take her to ner in a *cabinet particular*. They both much mirth and gayety that they e they ignored one another's good nd Mme. Desprunelles declares that divorce; the husband acknowledges d the false telegram, and Adhemar r thought of. M. Daubray plays the prunelles, the good-natured but witty ith much delicacy, and the part of Desprunelles is one of the best creations ine Chaumont. The play, in short, is a omplete as Sardou has ever attained."

Baudry," a comedy originally pro- nteen years ago, has been revived at Francaise, and has made a tremendous s Braves Gens," a new four-act comedy Goudinet, produced at the Gymnase, vocally denounced..... The fashion- Breton fishers, mendicants and Good composed this fantasia with the t Merante. Widor was charged with ll score. The name of the ballet, ine," has an Irish sound. Korrigans, , are the fairies which in Brittany ical remains. They are the "good e elves who coexisted with great were to him ministering spirits. Wild he scenes of their revels. They like to on Christian mortals, but mean no em. The Klimeny of the Brittany the Opera-house in Rosita Mauri, a French extraction. Spanish birth and reeding, who is worthy of the part in erforms. She is grace itself. Her shape and she has the finest eyes imagin- ing from infancy has been her pro- her father and mother danced before ncial theatres. They left the stage to ta near Barcelona. For the entertain- customers, Rosita used to dance on a in the general room. Her parents saw a genius for the art they used to prac- sed her in it, and took her through infant prodigy. Senorita Mauri is in that Patti is on the lyric stage. She rage at Madrid. In unbridled enthusi- mphs there, Queen Isabella, who wit- debut in "La Korrigane," sent be- enes to her a basket of roses, with of fine gold attached to the handle, t act of the ballet she is carried village home to the lair of the

The tableau in the second act gives a de, thick with Druidical remains and a mournful sea. Farfadets and kor- ce on the heath to the music of bags s lowered at the footlights and lime- ted from above on the dancers, who e out moonshine. Of course, Lilas has by Yvonette in the dance, which the he angelus broke up, and has followed e Druidical country. His apparition occasion to the Spanish star to perform oned sabatiere, with all the korrigans s, to grate unsupported in waltzes, and oft, adagio measures. A rustic wedding ryland adventure. Ballets are generally ng. "La Korrigane" is not. Independ- sita Mauri, it would command success. glish's new adaptation of "Le Roman Homme Pauvre" has been produced at s' Theatre, London. He calls it "Good He has brought the scene into England, d the French marquis into an English e compressed the five acts of the French ree. In other respects he has adhered ely to the original. It cannot be the change of scene adds to the ow of the action. Englishmen still nit to realize the notion of an earl with nce in his pocket or the means of placing Admitting this, and accepting also the dramatic expedient by which a ter- tained, the new play is light, pleasant le..... The Hungarians regard the en- the German language in public as an rr Linde, who had recited "Othello" in nt molestation, announced a reading dy in Neushol. The chief of the police performance; but Herr Linde, encour patrons, persisted in giving it. On his hotel he learned that the entire pe- been confiscated, and he was cited a court the following day to answer a tempting to create a public disturbance. KERS' "HUMPTY DUMPTY" COMBINATION the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont. he performance being satisfactory and d. Denman Thompson played the rest . George F. Rowe, supported by a company, appears 20, for one week. Gov'nur'' will receive its first respe Canada. Gus Williams is announced Mrs. G. C. Howard for 30.

ERION COMEDY COMPANY is billed to , Ind., Dec. 20, Danville, Ill., 21, Peru, ort Wayne 23, Dayton, O., 24, 25, 27, Chillicothe 28, Wheeling, W. Va., mbus, O., 31, Jan. 1, 1881.

ow's COMBINATION is due in St. Joseph, 20, 21, Maryville 22, 23, Creston 24, 25, 28.

AMUSEMENTS in Boston, Mass., are chronicled in this wise by our regular correspondent, writing on Dec. 19: "The most attractive plays in Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's repertory were given during the past week in the Opera-house, Fall River, Mass., and are billed to give "The Molly Maguires" this week.

THE MAUDE OSWALD DRAMATIC COMPANY play in Driftwood, Pa., Dec. 20, 21, Ridgeway 22, 23, Kane 24, 25. A juvenile lady and a responsible lady are wanted. See Manager L. J. Elliott's card.

THE HAPPY THOUGHT COMPANY, under the management of Wm. H. Borst, with John A. Dingess as business-manager, Professor H. Liebech as musical-director, A. Stratton as treasurer, C. W. Riddell as assistant, and J. M. Gilbert as machinist, commence their tour 20, presenting Dexter Smith's new musical comedy 'Cobwebs' for the first time on any stage in Ansonia, Ct., Dec. 20, Meriden 21, New Haven 22, 23, Southbridge 24, Salem, Mass., 25, afternoon and evening. The artists are the Misses Adah Richmond, Ruby Thornton and Fannie Gonzales, and the Messrs. Harry Bloodgood, Thomas Chapman, William H. Burton, William Woolf, Warren W. Ashley and others.

EMMERSON, CLARK AND THE DALY BROTHERS have purchased George H. Jessop's pantomime-comedy "Ozone," and, with the support of a dramatic company, will shortly play it on the road, they having closed their engagement with L. C. Goodwin's Frolicques.

M. B. CURTIS appears in "Sam'l of Posen" in Providence, R. I., Dec. 20, 21, 22, Worcester, Mass., 23, Westfield 24, Holyoke 25, Troy, N. Y., 27, 28, 29.

MAUDE & MAUNING'S Comedy Company "Dead Cranker!" Combination are advertised to appear in Fall River, Mass., Dec. 20, Worcester 21, Holyoke 22, Springfield 23, New Haven, Ct., 24, 25.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS are due in Newport, R. I., Dec. 20, Fall River, Mass., 21, New Bedford, 22, Waterbury, Ct., 23, Hartford 24.

THE "JOSHUA WHITCOMB" COMBINATION commence their New England season in Stamford, Ct., Jan. 10.

SARAH BERNHARDT and troupe perform "Frou-Frou" in New Haven, Ct., Dec. 20, Hartford 21, but omit Burlington, Vt., 22, as previously announced, journeying direct to Montreal, where they perform 23, 24, 25. Springfield, Mass., will be visited 27, Wilmington, Del., 28, Baltimore, Md., 29, 30, 31, and Jan. 1.

ALICE AND LOUIS HARRISON, under the management of M. W. Hanley, are due in Fitchburg, Mass., Dec. 20, Lowell 21, Brockton 22, Providence, R. I., 23, 24, 25, Woonsocket 28.

MARK ALLEN'S DRAMATIC COMPANY perform in Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 28.

THE "ALL THE RAGE" COMPANY begin their Eastern tour in Stamford, Ct., Feb. 7.

THE BUFFALO BILL COMBINATION are billed in New London, Ct., Dec. 20, Middletown 21, Willimantic 22, Norwich 23, Woonsocket, R. I., 24, Worcester, Mass., 25, Westfield 27, Northampton 28, Springfield 29, Hartford, Ct., 30, Holyoke, Mass., 31, New Haven, Ct., Jan. 1.

CHARLES ATKINSON and Clara Ellard in 'A Poetical Wooing' are to be in Malden, Mass., Dec. 22, Danvers 25, Lynn Jan. 11.

THE MS. PLAYS of the late Phillip Stoner—"Woodleigh," "Creole" and "Holbrook's Daughter"—are advertised for sale by Simmonds & Brown.

CLOSED RECENTLY.—John T. Hind's "Shaughnaun" Combination, Adele Paine's Dramatic Company, James M. Nixon, Jr.'s "Tom's Cabin" Troupe, Annie Graham's "Upper Crust," Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels (Joe Gaylord's), Thorn & Darwin's Combination and Robert Stickney's Circus.

Continued on page 315.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. SALVINI.
POSITIVELY LAST FOUR NIGHTS OF
SALVINI. SALVINI.
SALVINI. SALVINI.
SALVINI.
MONDAY.....OTHELLO
WEDNESDAY.....SULLIVAN
THURSDAY.....GLADIATOR
SATURDAY EVENING.....OTHELLO
MONDAY, DEC. 27. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. 40-1t

ABBEY'S (NEW) PARK THEATRE.
"The handsomest theatre in the metropolis."
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
MONDAY, DECEMBER 20.
LAWRENCE BARRETT
begins an engagement, with strong supporting cast, in a translation and adaptation from the Spanish of Estabanes, by W. D. HOWELLS, ESQ., entitled
"YORICK'S LOVE."
MATINEE CHRISTMAS-DAY AT 2. 40-1t

DALY'S THEATRE,
Broadway and Thirtieth street.
NEEDLES AND PINS,
EVERY NIGHT AT 8.
A Holiday Comedy. Seventh Week.
"The evening passes like magic."—TIMES.
The Nursery Cotillion of Nursery Rhymes and Childhood's Heroes a Great Hit.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AT 2.
MATINEE CHRISTMAS-DAY. Curtain at half-price. 40-1t

HAVERLY'S 14TH-ST. THEATRE.
J. H. HAVERLY.....Proprietor and Manager.
Ninth week of RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY.
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings,
and at the Wednesday matinee,
HIAWATHA,
Thursday, Dec. 23, first time, the fairy extravaganza
BABES IN THE WOOD,
produced with superb new scenery and effects.
Saturday, Dec. 25, GRAND XMAS-DAY MATINEE. [1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
Reserved Seats (Orchestra Circle and Balcony), 50c.
HOUSES CROWDED. LAST WEEK OF
MISS ANNIE PIXLEY
in her great character of
M'LISS, THE CHILD OF THE SIERRAS.
YUBA BILL.....JOHN E. McDONOUGH
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
Monday, Dec. 27, Mr. and Mrs. McKEE RANKIN. [40-1t

MADISON-SQUARE THEATRE.
STEELE MACKAYE.....Manager.
ELEVENTH MONTH OF
HAZEL KIRKE. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE. [40-1t HAZEL KIRKE.
EVERY EVENING AT 8.30. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.

HAVERLY'S FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
J. H. HAVERLY.....Proprietor and Manager
ONE OF THE GREAT SUCCESSES
OF THE SEASON.
MARY ANDERSON. MARY ANDERSON.
MARY ANDERSON. MARY ANDERSON.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,
LOVE, OR COUNTESS AND SERF.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
THE HUNCHBACK. 40-1t

HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S-GARDEN THEATRE.
HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS commencing Monday, Dec. 20.
Abbey's Mammoth Pantomime Organization,
HUMPTY DUMPTY.
Two Clowns, two Harlequins, two Pantaloons, two Columbines. Magnificent Scenery and Tricks, Grand Specialties, including the great sensation
ZAZEL.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. 40-1t

STANDARD THEATRE,
BROADWAY AND 39th ST.
WM. HENDERSON.....Proprietor and Manager
*** The theatre will be closed on Monday evening in order to complete the extensive preparations made for the production on TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 21, of Bartley Campbell's new play of domestic Irish life
MY GERALDINE,
with a cast of unequaled excellence. [40-1t
CHRISTMAS MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

BIRCH & BACKUS'
NEW FRANCONI MINSTRELS.
The eminent Italian tragedian
SIG. CHARLES SALVINI BACKUS in
OTHELLO
SALVINI BACKUS in ITALIAN, the rest of the company performing in unadulterated ENGLISH.
First week of
WOOD AND BEASLEY.
Seats secured. Matinee Saturday at 2. 40-1t*

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
JOHN E. CANNON.....Manager
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 20, and during the week,
Messrs. Harrigan and Hart respectfully announce the production of Mr. Edward Harrigan's new comic play entitled
VOLUME 7 OF THE MULLIGAN-GUARD SERIES,
THE MULLIGAN GUARD'S MINUET,
OR
THE MULLIGAN GUARD'S NOMINEE.
Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN as.....MR. MULLIGAN
Mr. TONY HART as.....MRS. REBECCA ALLUP
Fresh and sparkling music, composed expressly for the play by the popular director and composer Mr. Dave Braham.
New and elaborate scenery by Mr. Chas. W. Witham.
Novel mechanical effects by Mr. Robert Cutler.
THE SKIDMORE GUARD will muster and parade in new and beautiful uniforms.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 40-1t

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.
585 BROADWAY.
THE BEST SHOW OF THE YEAR. TONY PASTOR'S CHRISTMAS-TREE OF GOOD THINGS. THREE MATINEES HOLIDAY WEEK, Tuesday, Friday and Christmas-day. TONY PASTOR'S Quadruple Company.
THE KERNELLS, FERGUSON and MACK,
John and Harry. Ada Richmond and Mack.
SHEEHAN and JONES, the Ash-box Inspectors, the whole forming the greatest sextet of IRISH FUN—IRISH WIT—IRISH SONG. Six of the great Irishmen on earth.
HARRY WATSON,
the funniest Dutchman on earth, and ALICE HUTCHINS.
The finest of Lady Dancers,
KITTY O'NEIL and FRENCH TWIN SISTERS.
NILES and EVANS, REYNOLDS and WALLING.
NILES and EVANS, REYNOLDS and WALLING.
LILLIAN RUSSELL, FLORENCE MERTON, JOYCE MARTELLE, THE DUTCH RIVALS, and PLENTY OF FUN. 40-1t

JOHN H. MURRAY'S
NEW AND BEST CIRCUS,
AT THE AQUARIUM,
BROADWAY AND 39TH STREET.
IMMENSE HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS!
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
Very popular prices. 40-1t

HARRY MINER'S
NEW THEATRE,
Nos. 165, 167 and 169 Bowery, New York.
Specialty Artists, Living Curiosities and Novelties of all Descriptions, address HARRY MINER,
25-1t-tf Sole Proprietor and Manager.

VOLKS'
VARIETY AND NOVELTY THEATRE,
190, 201 BOWERY.
MRS. PAUL FALK.....Sole Proprietress
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.
Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert Every Sunday Evening. 29-1t-tf

DICK PARKER'S
AMERICAN THEATRE,
Between 30th and 31st streets, Third avenue, New York City.
MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.
First-class artists wishing engagements, apply at once.
37-1t-tf DICK PARKER, Proprietor and Manager.

MRS. Mollie Bernard, first Old-woman and characters; also Junius Bernard, Comedian and Vocalist, at liberty. No traveling. J. Alexander Brown, Dramatic Agent. 40-1t

BERRY'S BROADWAY THEATRE,
WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.
WANTED, VARIETY PERFORMERS AND SENSATIONAL STARS.
Also a good, sober actor for the season to play heavy business [40-1t*
J. A. BERRY, as above.

LATEST SONGS—"New Year's Day," "High water Pants," "Sheehan and Jones' two latest songs, "The Jerry Murphy Squads" and "The Slattery Family;" "Dr. Golden Chariot," "Irish Volunteers," "Petticoat Brigade," "Open Up Dem Doors," "Deacon Good Fellah," "Day I Took My Pet to Coney Isle," "Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance," "Mickey Flaherty," etc.
25c. each. Any 4 for $1.
Mrs. PAULINE LIEDER'S Music-publishing House,
60 Chatham street, New York.
Christmas offer—The above 12 songs $2.50

THE BIJOU,
41—STATE STREET.....BRIDGEPORT, CT.
Wanted, Specialties of all kinds—Children and Musical Specialties especially. Apply immediate y and get a date Salary low, but sure. Wanted immediately, two good Children Performers. Apply to E. WELLING, 41 State street, Bridgeport, Ct. 40 1t*

TO MANAGERS.—Subscriber is disengaged for juvenniles or a serious line of business with COMBINATION. From St. George's Theatre, London; Theatre Royal, Dublin, etc. "Possessed of undoubted abilities."—LONDON STANDARD, Sept. 20, 1875. 21 Park Row, Room 42, N. Y. City. JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR. 40 1t*

DAVE REED,
formerly of Bryant's Minstrels, gives lessons in Jig-dancing, Songs-and-dances and Stage-playing at his residence. 40-2t* 150 W. TWENTY-FOURTH STREET, New York.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
GUS SHAW,
CLOWN AND COMIC VOCALIST,
desires a position for season of 1881. If required, will go in Concert.
Address Fort Smith, Ark., until Jan. 2, Little Rock until Jan 15. 40 1t*

WANTED-SITUATION BY A NUMBER ONE DOUBLE-BASS AND TUBA PLAYER. Understands the Variety Biz thoroughly. Address
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STANWOOD (HARRY THE VETERAN), Piano-tuner and Teacher of the Banjo. 1861-1880. Coburg, Canada. 40-1t*

FOWLE'S OPERA-HOUSE,
HUDSON, CAPACITY, 600.
Scenery full and complete. Stage accommodations good. Lighted with gas, heated by furnace. Address THE HUDSON POST, Hudson, Mich. 40-1t*

PARTIES wishing to negotiate with me for the purchase, at a bargain, of my Original Trained Bird and Frankenstein Mystery can address me at Weldon, Kern Co., Cal. Prof. Chas. Andress, Bird-trainer. 40-2t*

"COMMODORE FOOTE" AND FAIRY QUEEN" GRAND MARCH, composed by E. Mack. Elegant lithograph of Commodore and Fairy on title-page. Piano copies mailed on receipt of 25 cents in coin or stamps. Address
MISS ELIZA NESTEL,
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A GENTLEMAN of good habits, would like to correspond with a lady (professional) with a view to marriage. Address L. 495 L., care of Carrier 18, Buffalo, N. Y. 40-1t

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, A LADY to play IRISH COLLEEN (must be a good Singer and Dancer) with HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA & McGILL'S MIRROR OF IRELAND.
Also a good PIANIST, used to Variety Business.
State lowest salary for long engagement.
Address JOHN HOWORTH, as per route:
Palmer, Mass., Dec. 22, Munson, Mass., Dec. 23, Stonington, Ct., Dec. 24, New London, Ct., Dec. 25, after which care of CLIPPER office. 40-1t*

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
FRANCIS NORTON,
JUGGLER, EQUILIBRIST
AND
PLATE-SPINNER,
can be engaged for the balance of Winter season. Traveling party preferred. Address 43 S. Halsted street, Chicago, Ill. 40-1t*

L. QUADENFIELD
IN PARLOR RIFLE-SHOOTING,
together with
MISS CARRIE SILVERS,
SERIO-COMIC.
Managers having open dates, address
40-1t* 1,629 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa.

$500 TO INVEST. Five Living Curiosities to hire. Wanted, a Second-hand Talking-machine. Magic-lantern and Slides, etc. Address T. F. WOOD, Vernon, Mass. 40-1t*

WANTED—ENGAGEMENT IN VARIETY THEATRE to paint scenery and do straight biz in acts and white-face comedy. References given.
40-1t* ZEO. MACK, Arcelia Theatre, Evansville, Ind

A GOOD VENTRILOQUIST is wanted to travel in a Patent Medicine business, with Wax Figures. Address M. HOLDEN,
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CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST of Plays, Wigs, Beards, Colored Fires, Cork, etc., mailed free. JAS. F. CROSSEN, 8 Lafayette place, N. Y. 40 1t*tf

A PARTNER WANTED IN A FIRST-CLASS merchant tailoring business. $600 required. Will sell out. Very fine notices of merit concerning the show in BOSTON HERALD, TRANSCRIPT, TRAVELER, ADVERTISER, SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN and other journals. Show property complete.
40-1t* H. G. BLINN, Keeseville, N. Y.

WANTED—COLORED MINSTREL TALENT to take the road immediately.
MUSICIANS (brass and string), ENDMEN AND SPECIALTY ARTISTS.
State lowest salaries. None but experienced artists wanted.
40-1t* Address HARRY C. WILLIAMS, Richmond, Va.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
Prettiest Hall in Central Pennsylvania. Now open for rental or will share with first class companies only. Patent folding opera chairs. Hall well lighted and warmed.
40-5t* W. F. SATTERLEE & BRO., Managers.

NED STRAIGHT Composes Words and Music, Burlesques, Sketches, Stump-speeches, etc. Takes down music from the voice, and arranges for Orchestra or Pianoforte. Inclose stamp. 273 Elizabeth st., New York. 35-1t-tf

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!
For Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableaux Plays, Shadow Pantomimes, Magic-lantern Slides, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jarley's Wax-works, Wigs, Beards and Moustaches at reduced prices. Costumes, Scenery, Charades. New catalogue sent free containing full description and prices. SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 East Fourteenth street, New York. 37-4t

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OPERA-HOUSE, built 1878
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NELLIS OPERA HALL,
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.
40x94 feet; Good Scenery; Seats 700. A. NELLIS & CO., Proprietors. 38-8t

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MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—A variety of very elegant illusions, Ventriloquial and Parlor Magic, and first-class Magical Apparatus. Central Table, filled with Traps, Pistons, and Electrical Rods, price $75; also Magic and Vanishing Fish-Bowls. Hand-and-arm Trick, $30. Send 3c. for Illustrations. 20c. Improved Fire-eater, 30c. Send 3c. for price-list, or 10c. for illustrated 120-page catalogue. Address W. J. JUDD, 96 John street, New York. 38-3t*

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WHEELING, W. VA.
HOWARD & HESS.....Proprietors
HOUSE-PACKING NIGHTLY. First-class talent wanted at all times, especially female artists
38-4t CHAS. HOWARD, Manager.

"YOURS FOREVER."
Connolly's New Song-and-dance, a gem, sung by the French Twin Sisters. By same author: "Twilight Masquerade," "Little Maggie Ann," sung by Rice's Surprise Party; "Waltz with Me," sung by Sophie Worrell at his "Opera Profession, 20cts. HARDING'S, 279 Bowery, New York. [*

WANTED-A PARTNER WHO CAN WORK IN BLACK-FACE SONG-AND-DANCE or IRISH BUSINESS.
Anyone wanting a PARTNER will please address
40-1t GEORGE WESTCOTT, care of CLIPPER.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
FOR SEASON OF 1881.
MR. LOUIS H. HUBER would like to hear of a situation as Cook or Steward. Has long experience. Was last season with Cooper & Jackson's Circus. Sober and not afraid to work. Address
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MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.
READY AFTER DECEMBER 15.
Address
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NEWARK, N. J.—This beautiful theatre is in the full tide of success. Dramatic stars and good specialty artists, write at once. Address MULBERRY-STREET THEATRE, Louis Waldman & Jonas Hellawell, Proprietors. General Manager, Jerome Stasall. 27-4t*

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will open Oct. 18, 1880. The only Theatre in this city, and just built. Seats 700. It has folding-chairs and full set of scenery, painted by Morgan of Academy of Music, Baltimore. Address EDW. W. MEALEY, Hagerstown, Md [27-26t*

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My Opera-house holds 800 people; is nicely frescoed; has large stage, 40½ feet wide by 37½ feet deep; footlights and a new scenery, which run on sheaves; new stage-carpet, suitable for all plays; two nice dressing-rooms, nicely carpeted; 16 large sash lights, 48 footlights, two rows border-lights. Opera-house is heated by steam-furnace. Two entrances. Population, 6,000. Two weekly papers, both issued on Thursday. Entertainments desirable. No license. Play first-class troupes on sharing terms. For terms and open dates address HENRY DICKSON,
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FEMALE TALENT in all branches. Also Specialties or Male Performers. Ladies must be young and good vocalists. Male performers also good vocalists and sketch artists. Engagements from SEPT 15. SALARIES LOW, BUT SURE.
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This is the only theatre in the city that turns people away nightly. First-class Specialty Artists wanted at all times.
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The undersigned have leased and thoroughly renovated the Opera-house at Albany, Ga., and will be pleased to negotiate with first-class troupes, either on certainty or sharing terms.
Albany is centrally located, between Macon and Montgomery. Population, 4,500. Pronounced the best show-town in Georgia. Address ROBINSON & GOTTLIEB, Lessees, Box 58, Albany, Ga. 39-2t

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SONGS, DRAMAS, Burlesques, Lectures, etc., written to order.
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BELLEFONTAINE, O.
TO BE OPENED DEC. 25, 1880.
This splendid building is entirely new, and one of the handsomest in the West.
Dickenson's Grand-opera Chairs, 13 Scenes, 10 Dressing-rooms, Gas, Hot-air, and all modern conveniences.
Seats 850, and is neat and complete. Address
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A GRAND POOL TOURNAMENT, for prizes amounting to $650, will commence at O'Connor's Union-square Amphitheatre, 40 and 42 East Fourteenth street, on THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 30. All who wish to contest will address J. D. O'CONNOR, 788 Broadway, New York. Entries close Dec. 28. [39-4t

COLISEUM,
MOBILE, ALABAMA.
OPENED ON SATURDAY, DEC. 4, TO A PACKED HOUSE, TURNING PEOPLE AWAY.
Good artists write at once and secure a date.
WANTED—Dancing-dance men and Ladies in all branches of the business. GEO. WELLS, Proprietor.
HARRY MACARTHY, Manager.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
JOHN McCREERY.....Proprietor
Newly fitted and refurnished. Special rates to the profession. The only first-class hotel in the city patronized by them.
We cordially endorse the "St. Nicholas" as being perfect in all its appointments, a pleasant house, with full complement of attendants.
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W. H. STRICKLAND, General Agent Haverly's New Mastodon Minstrels.
H. B. HAGGOOD, Business-manager "False Friend" Combination.
FRANK D. HALL, Business-manager Frank Mayo Combination. 39-4t

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BY ORRIN BROS. & CO.
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ORRIN BROS., Ashland House, New York.
N. B.—State lowest terms and all particulars. Inclose no stamp. Silence a polite negative.
IMPORTANT.—Those who have arranged for the next tenting season in the United States can easily fulfill a profitable engagement in Mexico and Havana, Cuba, and have their return guaranteed in time for the opening of the season here. 40-1t

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.
RUNNELLS AYMAR O'BRIEN
(FRED), (W. FRED). (DANNY),
THE KINGS OF THE CARPET.
FIRST-CLASS ACROBATIC AND TUMBLING-ACT, AND THREE GROTESQUES.
Managers of First-class Combinations and Variety Theatres, address R. A. R., 60 East Ninth street, or our sole agent, B. FITZGERALD, 256 Bowery, New York. 40-1t

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**D. L. CLARK & CO., PROPRIETORS

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK

CLIPPER ALMANAC

For 1881.

We are now prepared to receive advertisements for the next edition of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, and such of our patrons as desire to secure space will please send in their favors as early as possible.

Managers and artists and all other persons in any way connected with amusements will find it one of the most serviceable mediums of communication they can select. Its large circulation also makes it a valuable medium for general advertising; and the SPORTING RECORDS it contains insure its being read by almost every ATHLETE, OARSMAN, TURFMAN, MARKSMAN and SPORTSMAN in the country and makes it the best channel that dealers in sporting goods can select to advertise their lines.

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FOR ONE PAGE, 7½x10½	$40 00
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FOR TEN LINES, AGATE	2 00
FOR FIVE LINES, AGATE	1 00

SPECIMEN OF A FIVE-LINE CARD:

MARK MATHEWS,
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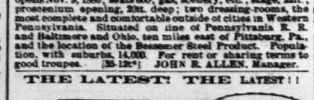

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ACKNOWLEDGED THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST. [40-1t
THE GUARANTEE OF THE PAST THE RECORD OF THE FUTURE.

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The performance of the New Mastodons was a revelation in minstrelsy.—EVANSVILLE COURIER.
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ROUTE: New Orleans Dec. 19.
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THE WASHINGTON PRESS SAYS:
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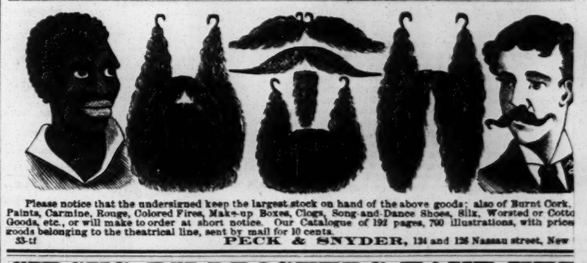

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